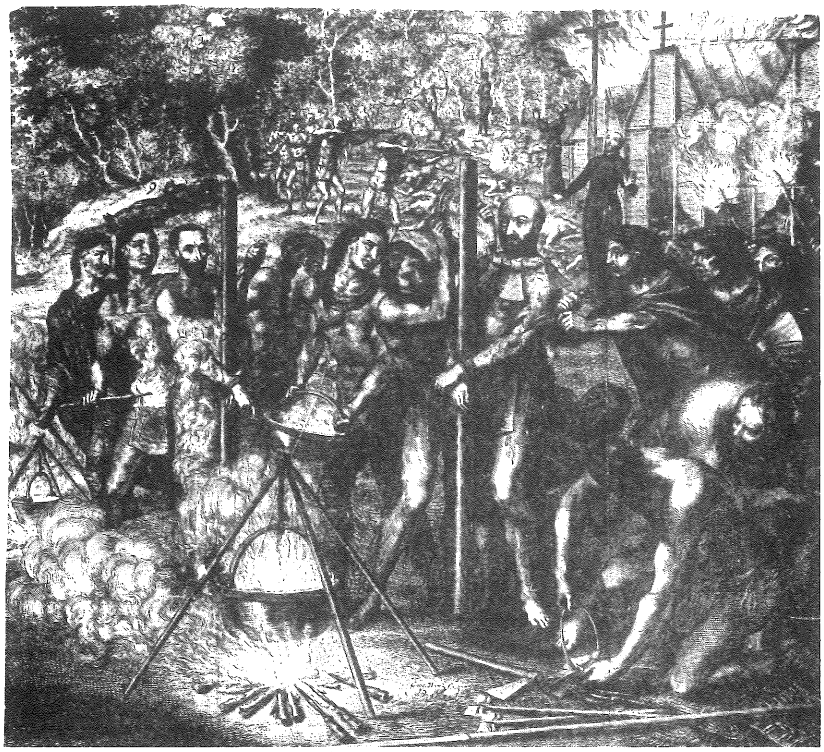
# The SIDES of the NORTH

PART FOUR

by SOLANGE HERTZ



## CANADIAN DIAMONDS

When the good Jacques Cartier collected those baskets of quartz crystals on Cap Rouge to take home to his King, he was convinced he had found an inexhaustible supply of diamonds. His simplicity provided Europe with a good laugh, but as it turned out, he had in fact discovered a diamond mine. These diamonds would not be of mineral composition, however; they would be supernatural: Canada was destined to produce a wealth of saints, of that " *immortal diamond* " so happily sung by the Jesuit poet Fr. Gerard Manley Hopkins.

No doubt to the unspeakable indignation of the demons of the Sides, their *donjon* soon bade fair to become one vast reliquary. St. Jean de Brébeuf, already mentioned in this Paper in connection with Champlain, was martyred by the Mohawk Iroquois in 1649. Half of his skull can be viewed now in Quebec in the chapel of the Jesuit Fathers on rue Dauphine, the other half at the nearby Hotel-Dieu hospital, with most of the remainder of his body at the Jesuit College. Since his time the number of Canadian saints whose mortal remains leaven the soil of the Sides - whether known to us or only to God - have been joined by countless others. Some came from afar both in time and space: For over three centuries there has been a shrine to St. Joseph's mother-in-law St. Anne on the St. Lawrence at Beaupré about 20 miles from Quebec, where her arm is exposed to the veneration of the faithful and many miracles have taken place through her intercession. At the time of the French Revolution, literally hundreds of other first-class relics of universal saints were brought to Canada from ravaged French churches and monasteries for safe-keeping and have remained there.

Today one has only to enter the chapel of the old Seminary next to the Cathedral in Quebec to venerate relics of the Apostles and a plethora of other major saints patiently awaiting the conclusion to the great battle for Amerindia. Hardly could such a collection be found outside the Eternal City itself. Some of the earliest may well be those of missionaries come to America in Apostolic times, returned now to complete their work. The world has little more use for these Canadian diamonds than it had for Jacques Cartier's. Except for the Jesuit martyrs canonized in 1930, even Mother Church has been singularly slow in calling attention to them. Like their hispanic counterparts the humble Juan Dieguito of Guadalupe or the martyr Fr. Pro, most have yet to be raised to the altars, as if their hour had not yet come.

Whatever saints are, however, they are not dead. *"The kingdom of heaven is like to leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, until the whole was leavened"* (Matt. 13:33). Their leaven is all the more potent for working unseen. In *La Pasion de la Iglesia*, a work unfortunately not available in English, Fr. Antonio Pacios explains, *When the handful of leaven is thrown into the dough, the dough is flat and insipid, and that leaven powerful; but as it dissolves into the dough it loses its strength, and there comes a time when neither the leaven any longer appears as such, nor is the dough completely leavened, albeit modified: the whole has become a shapeless mass, neither leavened nor without leavening, neither leaven nor dough.*

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*But when the leaven, thus weakened, seems to have lost its strength, it exercises its full efficacy. Then is precisely when the hour is near in which the entire dough will be leavened, and will have power to leaven other masses of dough in its turn. . . . As Christ wished to associate us in His redemptive work, in order to hasten the coming of the Kingdom, it is most important that particles of pure leaven be everywhere multiplied: such are the holy souls who, united with the Eucharistic Christ, have complete faith in Him and surrender themselves totally into His hands as instruments of redemption: victim souls."*

There are glimmers today of the hidden leaven at work. On June 22, 1980 three seventeenth century Canadian diamonds were beatified: Francois de Montmorency Laval, the first Bishop of New France; Mother Marie de l'Incarnation, foundress of the Ursulines in Quebec; and one native Amerindian, the young virgin Kateri Tekakwitha. Many others still waiting should soon be recognized as the first shock troops selected by Christ to inaugurate the dissolution of the satanic empire so long entrenched in the north. On May 16, 1974, our Lord told the Portavoz of Mexico: *" My enemies ripped Mexico from the womb of its mother country, Spain! And consequently they have introduced themselves in all the American countries, having their satanic seat in the states of the north. These events cannot now be concealed from the face of the world, because history is the witness of what happens at all times."* Heaven does not forget where the Serpent rules, nor is it blind to the Masonic Madonna guarding the modern Babylon in New York's harbor.



We have said the true history of Canada is hagio-history. Let us therefore abandon the political chronicle as a secondary manifestation, and try to decipher what actually transpired after the consolidation of the government of New France under the inspired Champlain: Despite the stings of the Wasp, or perhaps because of them, extraordinary developments ensued. From 1632 on, following the recommendation of their founder St. Ignatius, the Jesuits had been sending to Europe regular reports of their progress in the missions, commonly known as the *Jesuit Relations*. On these fed avidly the spiritual renewal in France set in motion by her counter-reformation saints. Pere Le Jeune says that people were writing the missionaries *" with such ardor and in such numbers, from so many different places, that it's merely a question as to who will be the first to scorn the fury of the sea and the savagery of the land. If we opened the door to their desires, a whole town could be formed of nuns, and there would be ten teachers for every schoolgirl."* Only dedicated laypeople were lacking: *"When will the French peasants become Canadians so that the Canadian savages may become Christians?"* he asks. *"When will those French ladies fettered by vanity soften at the thought of those little savage girls and boys who pray God one day and fly off into the woods the next, for fear their parents may be forced into sedentary life?"*

Soon everyone wanted a share in the evangelization of the new world, and suddenly God made his particular will known. One day in 1636 at La Flèche in Anjou, a tax-gatherer reputed for piety and austerity by the name of Jerome le Royer de la Dauversière, heard in prayer a voice commanding him to found an order of nursing sisters destined to staff a hospital dedicated to St. Josph in the wilds of Canada on the island of Montreal. The father of six children, possessing only a modest income and no talent whatever for public relations, Dauversière was understandably at a loss, but determined to obey nonetheless. At the same time, a young priest by the name of Jean-Jacques Olier, future founder of the Sulpicians, was praying at St. Germain des Près in Paris, and was told interiorly that he would found a society of priests who would be sent to serve the Faith at Montreal.

Not less extraordinary is that both these apostles, each unknown to the other, were at the time of their call miraculously invested with all necessary knowledge of the distant territory in question, down to specifications of size, shape, topography and climate. Champlain, of course, had already pointed out the island as an ideal site for a city, situated as it is at the confluence of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers. Setting out for Paris to look for help, Dauversière is there favored at Notre Dame with a vision of the Holy Family, who confirm him in his vocation. Soon after, at the chateau of Meudon near St. Cloud, he meets Fr. Olier. The historian Faillon relates, *" Impelled by a kind of inspiration, they knew each other at once, even to the depths of their hearts; greeted each other by name, as we read of St. Paul the Hermit and St. Anthony, and of St. Dominic and St. Francis; and ran to embrace each other like two friends who had met after long separation."*

Immediately commending their work to God at Mass said by Fr. Olier, they planned three religious communities for Montreal: a society of secular priests to minister to the colonists and convert the Indians, and two congregations of nuns for the care of the sick and teaching the children. In their own words these would "*plant the banner of Christ in an abode of desola-*

*tion and a haunt of demons,*"establishing their post in the very fangs of the Iroquois. For this purpose the two friends formed with some wealthy acquaintances the Society of Notre Dame de Montreal, which acquired the necessary title to the land from the President of the old Hundred Associates of Quebec. According to all norms of worldly prudence, the scheme was insane. It was in fact dubbed *"la folle entreprise."* Betraying none of the ordinary motives for founding a colony, the members of the Society, unlike the aforesaid Hundred, agreed to draw no personal profit at all from the project, but only to raise money and personnel to found a settlement whose sole purpose was to provide the indispensable base to the three religious communities. It would also serve as a useful link between Quebec and the lonely mission outposts established years before by the Recollects and now manned by the Jesuits.

Heaven soon designated a zealous lay apostle to head the expedition, Paul Chomedey de Maisonneuve, an experienced soldier who had commanded a regiment in Holland at the tender age of thirteen and wished to consecrate his sword to the Church. He would be the colony's Governor, independent of the establishment in Quebec, and accountable solely to the King. The seminary and school could only follow on the successful implantation of the project, but the hospital was deemed a present necessity in so wild and brutal an environment. A foundress therefore immediately appeared providentially in the person of the Marquise de Bullion, along with a chosen soul to run it. This was Jeanne Mance, who, although not yet a religious at the age of thirty-four, had made a vow of chastity when she was seven. Her hour now come, her director the enlightened Fr. St. Jure assured her that her vocation lay across the Atlantic. When she met Dauversière, the same mutual supernatural recognition took place as had occured with Fr. Olier.

In February 1641 this Father and the sponsors assembled at Notre Dame Cathedral and solemnly consecrated to the Holy Family the future sacred city, to be called Ville-Marie de Montreal. Its seminary was confided to our Lord, the hospital to St. Joseph and the school to our Lady. At the proper time eleven years later a teaching nun for this last appeared: the recently canonized St. Marguerite Bourgeoys from Troyes. With forty men and four women, Maisonneuve set sail, despite much opposition from sober heads in France, and on arrival in Canada from de Montmagny, Governor of Quebec and naturally apprehensive of a rival governor in his preserve. He would have been happier to see Maisonneuve's disciplined militia garrisoned for the protection of Quebec rather than deploying in the wilds.

On May 18, 1642 the new city was established at the foot of St. Joseph's volcanic Mont Royal. At the first Mass, the Jesuit chaplain Fr. Vimont prophesied truly, *" You are a grain of mustard seed, that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land."* The new settlers then caught fireflies, and tying them with thread, festooned the altar where the Blessed Sacrament was left exposed. Today Ville-Marie, or Montreal, is the second largest French city in the world. It was not for nothing that St. Joseph had been officially proclaimed patron of the country back in 1624 in Quebec's first parish.

When the St. Lawrence threatened to overflow and destroy the whole new endeavor at its very first Christmas in Montreal, Maisonneuve vowed to carry a huge cross and plant it at the summit of Mont Royal if the calamity were averted. The miracle took place, and he kept his promise. "The Mountain Cross," into which relics were later set, thenceforth became a place of pilgrimage where Mass was often celebrated. Sometimes novenas were made during nine entire days under armed guard for fear of the Iroquois, who eventually succeeded in tearing the Cross down; but St. Marguerite Bourgeoys had it set up again, and today a luminous metal one continues to proclaim the Faith at the great Oratory erected by little Br. André.



The statutes of Montreal's founders read, *"The purpose of the Associates of Montreal is to work exclusively for God's glory. Through the divine goodness the Associates hope to see shortly a new church which will imitate the purity and charity of the primitive one."* Fervor there was indeed similar to that of the early Christians. Sr. Morin of the Hôtel-Dieu wrote in 1654, *"Nowhere were locks or keys considered necessary; for houses, chests, cellars were left open, and there was never any reason to regret this seeming imprudence. The well-to-do settlers shared their goods with the poorer ones, not even waiting to be asked for aid, but giving freely and generously."*

The unusual lay character so evident in the evangelization of Canada is, along with Vietnam, a salient example of the extraordinary new development which took place in the missionary Church of the seventeenth century, when for the first time in the modern era nuns and laywomen were sent into the mission field, along with laymen like Maisonneuve. Besides their own inspiration, however, the colonists must have profited immensely from frequent association with the Jesuits,

several of them canonized saints. It was from Montreal that St. Isaac Jogues, with a premonition of his second and final martyrdom, wrote a friend his famous, *"Ibo et non redibo - I am going and shall not return."* His companion the oblate St. René Goupil had already suffered four years before in 1642, the very year Montreal was founded. He was struck down for making the Sign of the Cross over an Indian child whose grandfather commanded a young brave, *"Go, kill that French dog. The Dutch have told us that the sign he just made is useless. I fear something worse; I fear it may bring us misfortune."* During the three years after St. Isaac died (1646-1649), a like grace was conferred on St. Jean Lalande, St. Antoine Daniel, St. Charles Garnier, St. Jean de Brébeuf, St. Gabriel Lalement, St. Noël Chabanel, and many others known and unknown, some of them Indian converts. Such were the seeds of the Faith on the Sides. The supernatural character of these vocations is clear from the fact that so many - highly educated intellectuals like St. Isaac - were totally unfitted by nature or inclination for life at the brute level. The remains of three - Jogues, Goupil and Lalande - do not even enjoy reliquaries today, but lie hidden still in the soil of Ossernanon on the Mohawk near Auriesville, N.Y., where a shrine has been erected.

Far from discouraging vocations, the vicious destruction of the Huron missions by the Iroquois enormously increased them. In the *Jesuit Relation* for 1636 that gentle giant Brébeuf, as inspired an organizer as he was a man of prayer, gave *"Important Advice for Those Whom It Shall Please God to Call to New France, especially to the Country of the Hurons."* He drew a realistic picture. After dwelling on the rigors of travel by foot and canoe, pestilential fleas and the malice of savages who *" may set fire to your house or cleave open your head in some lonely spot,"* he warns aspirants, *"You are entirely responsible for the sterility or the fecundity of the earth under penalty of your life; you are the cause of droughts; if you cannot make it rain, the Indians talk most casually about doing away with you."* These are the friendly tribes, for *" I will pass over the dangers that threaten from our enemies."*

*"Here we have nothing, it seems, to incite us towards good. We are among peoples who are astonished when you speak to them of God and who often have nothing but horrible blasphemies on their lips. Frequently you are forced to deprive yourself of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. . .. . I pass over the slight opportunity for recollection you have among these barabarians, who almost never leave you and who do not know what it is to speak in a low tone. Most of all I hesitate to speak of the danger there is of losing your soul in the midst of their impurities, should your heart not be sufficiently anchored in God so as to resist this poison."* This description might well be that of twentieth century America, sunk again as it is in barbarism, but he concludes with reassurrance for the fervent:

*" Ah! Whoever you are to whom God gives such feelings and such light, come, come, my dear brother! It is workers like you that we need here; it is to souls like yours that God has appointed the conquest of so many others whom the devil still holds in his power. Anticipate no difficulties - you will have none, since your whole consolation is to see yourself crucified with the Son of God! . . . As for the dangers of the soul, to speak frankly, there are none for him who brings the fear and love of God to the country of the Hurons. On the contrary I find unparalleled opportunities for acquiring perfection. . . Can we plant the seeds of the Faith in others without profiting by them ourselves?"*

St. Jean's own life is proof of his preaching, for he rose to high mystical heights, favored by many visions, and by 1630 he humbly acknowledged to his superior that he had lost all inclination to venial sin. No one suffered more from the demons of the Sides, who persecuted him without respite, frequently appearing in terrifying forms. His special tormentor was the demon of Infidelity, who so often persuaded hardwon converts to forsake the Faith. His martyrdom, which took place in the presence of Fr. Lalement, is described in *The Work of the Catholic Church in the USA*, by Fr. Alphonse Zaratti: *"First his hands were cut off and then red-hot hatchets placed under his armpits and on his shoulders. Because he challenged his torturers, his mouth was smashed by a stone and a burning firebrand thrust down his throat. Then the Indians tore off his living skin and, by way of ironic blasphemy, baptized him three times with boiling water. Lastly, they tore out his heart, which an Indian chief proceeded to devour. But for all their cruelty, they were conquered by his indomitable resistance. Thus they fought to drink his blood so that they might imbibe his superhuman courage."* May he impart it to us! Truly did Francis Parkman, Wasp that he was, call Brébeuf *"the Ajax of the missions."* Fr. Lalement's maryrdom followed in like manner three hours later.

Fr. Paul Le Jeune, himself a converted Huguenot, declared, *"Nature is not endowed with the sacred breath to kindle such ardors: these flames spring from a fire wholly divine."* Breathing

the same atmosphere, the Montrealais thrived spiritually in physical deprivation. In the very teeth of the Iroquois, who besides being armed against them by the Dutch and English, must have been diabolically motivated to perpetrate the atrocities recorded of them - Montreal survived. Even after the Iroquois had destroyed every Huron village around them, it survived. Its work must indeed have been of God, as claimed in a little tract written at the time in answer to detractors, entitled *The True Motives of the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Society of Notre Dame de Montreal for the Conversion of the Savages of New France: "You say the undertaking of Montreal is an enormous expense more suitable for a king than for a few private persons too feeble to sustain it, and you allege besides the perils of navigation and shipwreck which can destroy it. . . . How could you ever think that, relying on our own strength, we could have presumed to entertain so glorious a design? If God is not in the business of Montreal, if it's a human invention, don't trouble yourselves about it, it won't last! . . Till now He has provided the necessary; we don't look for abundance, and we hope His Providence will continue."*

Also they pointed out that their venture was in fact an affair of the King's; and indeed Louis XIV had taken their part against the remonstrances of their rivals in Quebec. He reminds its Governor de Lauson, *"Inasmuch as my primary consideration in New France is God's glory and the propagation of the Catholic faith, I expect you to have particular concern with anything that might contribute to it. This is what draws me to bear special affection for the Company of Montreal, which is composed of persons of quality and piety, who have no other interest but the salvation of souls and the preaching of the Gospel."* America lost its faith with its kings.

Fr. Vimont wrote, *"Would you believe that many of the workmen working in Montreal never entertained any other motive since their departure from France but the glory of God? The mere thought that here they contribute as much as they can to the salvation of souls keeps them working with such high courage that they are never heard to complain."* One of those original settlers declared, *"Not only shall we make our America French, but we shall make it entirely Christian, and out of a vast wilderness we shall make a sanctuary where the Divine Majesty will find worshippers of every tongue and nation!"*

For a long time the ecclesiastical authority in New France had needed regularizing, and with the establishment of a second, near autonomous population center at Montreal, the situation became acute. As Canada had no bishop of its own, contention and conflict of interest had free play. The father of agitators, the Serpent was never slow in exploiting internal problems, all the while continuing to incite Iroquois, English and Dutch, with indifferent French Catholics ready to betray the cause for their own interest rarely wanting. Prominent among these last was Charles La Tour, who distinguished himself by accepting a baronetcy from the British to consolidate his claim to Acadia. Going so far as to enlist the aid of the Puritans in Boston against his King's representative, he even found it expedient to accompany Governor Winthrop to the Protestant Sabbath services.

Beset by all the ills brought with her from Europe, Canada had continued cultivating these on her own. Civil authorities found themselves pitted against the Church; Montreal competed with Quebec; Jansenists contended with Jesuits, Gallicans with Ultramontanes. De Toqueville spoke truly when he said, *"The physiognomy of a government can best be judged in its colonies, for there its characteristic traits usually appear larger and more distinct."* The rivalry between the religious orders, Sulpicians, Recollects, Jesuits, with congregations of nuns caught in between, provided endless friction, with no arbiter of sufficient authority to allay it. Although not of the stature of Champlain, the early governors of Canada were all pious and good. Montmagny was a Knight of Malta. Charny, son and successor of Lauson, resigned his office to enter the priesthood. He was followed by d'Ailleboust, who lived with his wife as brother and sister. Secular authority, however, saintly as it may be, cannot be enough.

Until the 1650's, the Church in Canada had been for all practical purposes governed from France by the Archbishop of Rouen, whose jurisdiction the superiors of the Jesuits and Sulpicians had accepted *de facto* in order to insure the validity of marriages and religious professions among the settlers. Rome quite naturally did not view this with an approving eye, sensitive as the Vatican was to the growing Gallicanism ( prototype of Americanism) advocating a national church in the mother country. A huge mission territory,depending on a French authority whose Gallican propensities were well known, made dangerous precedent. Indeed even the great Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, would write a *Defensio* for the Articles of 1682, whereby a clear separation of Church and State was attempted, with the subjection of the Pope to general councils. For the good of souls Rome tacitly supported Rouen's rulings in Canadian matters, but a solution had to be found quickly.

By 1657 the original Associates who founded and sustained Montreal found themselves so reduced in number and ressources that they relinquished the colony to Fr. Olier's Sulpicians, now flourishing at their headquarters in Paris. Four of their fathers had been sent to take charge, among them Fr. de Queylus, who became the Archbishop of Rouen's Vicar General in Canada. Clothed with episcopal powers, the zealous Vicar proceeded to exercise his authority in no uncertain terms, not only in Montreal, but also in Quebec, to the great discomfort of the Jesuits. These, Ultramontanes by profession as servants of the Pope, applied to the new French minister Mazarin, who withdrew his assent to the present arrangement, and the queen-mother Anne of Austria invited Fr. Le Jeune to make choice of a bishop for Canada.

Only a saint would be equal to the task, and the man Fr. Le Jeune proposed turned out to be pure Canadian diamond: Francois Xavier de Laval-Montmorency. He was descended from one of the greatest families in France, his ancestor having been the first to receive Baptism from St. Remi after King Clovis. Destined for the Church from earliest childhood, he had received the tonsure at the age of nine while still a schoolboy at La Flèche, where he first read the *Jesuit Relations* and became acquainted with the martyr Fr. Lalement and other saintly members of the Society. At thirteen he was appointed a canon at Evreux, still pursuing his studies. At twenty-four, renouncing his inheritance and the headship of the family left to him by the death of two older brothers, he espoused the priesthood, taking on no less than 55 parishes and four subchurches. At the Hermitage of Caen he formed a friendship with St. Jean Eudes, and briefly considered going to Vietnam with Fr. de Rhodes, but heaven disposed otherwise, and in 1658 Rome appointed him Vicar Apostolic for Canada with the title of Bishop of Petraea.

The wishes of Providence were explicit in his regard, for his consecration was entrusted to no French bishop. According to Faillon, *"The Nuncio, to whom the sentiments of the Queen-Mother Anne of Austria were well-known, was determined to consecrate* M. de Laval, *and even found two bishops to assist him in the ceremony. . . The ordination was set for Sunday, December 8, feast of the Immaculate Conception* (first proclaimed by our Lady in the New World at Guadalupe ); *and in order to forestall any opposition which might mar it, it took place in the morning in great secrecy in the Abbey of St. Germain-des-Près, which was at that time exempt* (from French jurisdiction),*and in a chapel which the Nuncio had requested of the Prior for a pontifical function, begging him to speak to no one of his design."* Thus it was that Laval, headed for a bishopric where he would need all the help he could muster from the French king and the greats of this world, enters upon his role completely independent of them, following only the orders of the Holy See according to the canons of the universal Church.

Bl. Marie de l'Incarnation, destined to be beatified with him on the same day, declared even before she met him, *"Say what you like, he was not chosen by men!"* It takes one to know one. And he himself was accustomed to remark, *"There is only God; everything else is pure nothing!"*

Nothing less than so supernatural an attitude could arm him against the problems facing him in Quebec, where Gallicanism was already entrenched, especially among the secular authorities. The trouble began immediately, at Mass, where Governor d'Argenson, as representative of the royal authority, was accustomed to occupy a kneeler within the sanctuary. When Laval ordered it removed outside the Communion rail, there were vigorous protests. At both Mass and Vespers the Governor was also in the habit of being incensed immediately after the celebrant and the Bishop; but here again, Laval insisted that this take place only after the incensation of all the other ministers of the altar. He furthermore dismissed Argenson from his *ex officio* church wardenship, and at "solemn catechisms" the children were instructed to salute the Bishop before the Governor. When the latter had the temerity to take issue with the Bishop regarding a sentence on a heretic, crozier and sword became locked in mortal combat. The Jesuits dared not ever ask the two to dinner, either singly or together, for fear of mortally insulting one or the other. On Palm Sunday there was no procession and no distribution of palms because the question of precedence could not be resolved. On Corpus Christi there was more trouble because d'Argenson would not permit his soldiers to kneel while drawn up in formation before the Blessed Sacrament.

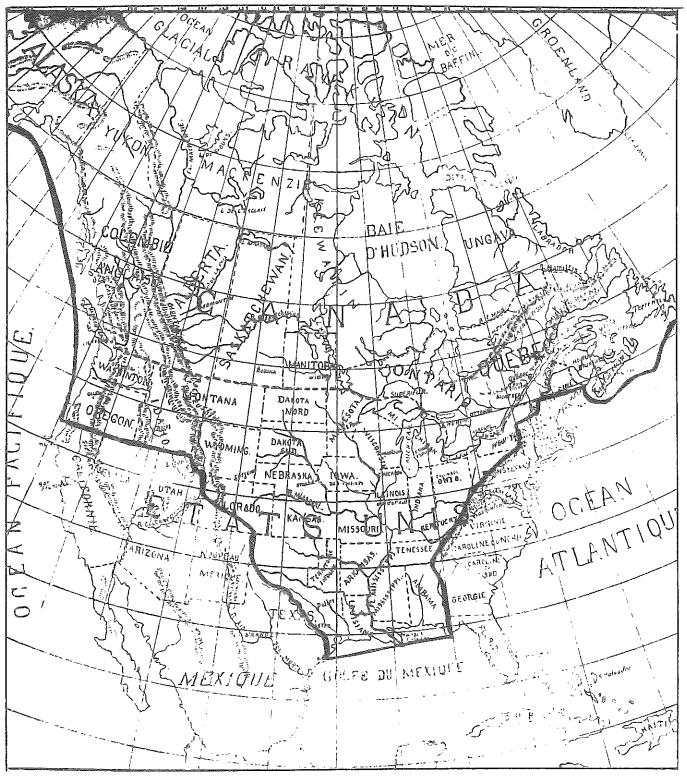
*"The disputes in question."* writes Parkman, *"though of a nature to provoke a smile on irreverent lips, were by no means as puerile as they appear. It is difficult in a modern democratic society to conceive the substantial importance of the signs and symbols of dignity and authority at a time and among a people where they were adjusted with the most scrupulous precision, and accepted by all classes as exponents of relative degrees in the social and politi-*

*cal scale. Whether the Bishop or the Governor should sit in the higher seat at table thus became a political question, for it defined to the popular understanding the position of Church and State in their relations to the government."* Because Bl. Francois Laval was adamant where the rights of God were concerned, the tilting went on for years, disrupting the whole social life of the colony.

Unfortunately the Bishop's pre-eminence was disputed not only by the secular powers, but also by many of the religious. The Gallican Archbishop of Rouen refused to relinquish what he maintained were his nation's rights, to a prelate lately set over Frenchmen by Rome. For a long time he persisted in supporting his Vicar-General Fr. de Queylus and exacting obedience to him. Many Canadians conscientiously adhered to his side, reasoning that the authority of a full Archbishop must spersede that of a mere Vicar Apostolic who was only a bishop, and a titular bishop of a non-existent Arabian see at that. The religious communities were inevitably torn by dilemma. Even Laval was confused, when after setting up the parish of Notre Dame de Quebec, he discovered he probably had no authority to do so! He nevertheless undertook his official visitations, determined in charity to unite the warring elements. At Montreal he confirmed 107 persons, among them, strangely enough, Chomedey de Maisonneuve.

His most important project, however, was the establishment of a unique seminary for Canada, on which he placed all his hopes. Specially designed to fill the needs of a missionary country, it was affiliated to the French Foreign Missions of Paris, and because the colony was too poor to support regular parishes as in France, priests from the seminary served as movable pastors wherever they were needed. Gathered as a family around their Bishop, they were the administrators of all diocesan affairs under his direction, holding all property in common,and supported by royal subsidy and a tithe levied among the people. On this novel Seminary Laval built the Canadian church, and the plan worked admirably well.

The Indians were assigned to the Jesuits, Montreal to the Sulpicians, and the Recollects had charge of Acadia. Communities of hospital nuns and teaching sisters were already flourishing under such Canadian diamonds as the aforementioned Jeanne Mance, heading the Hotel-Dieu in Montreal; Bl. Marie de l'Incarnation; and St. Marguerite Bourgeoys, foundress of the Congregation of Notre Dame. In 1688 Laval even opened a minor seminary with five French students and six Hurons. Like the great Las Casas, he was always the friend of the Amerindians, whose name for him was *Hariwawagu*, "the man of the Great Business."




The heavy black lines indicate the limits of the Diocese of Quebec at the time of Bishop Laval. It is the mother diocese of all the archdioceses and dioceses in Canada and the United States whose territory falls within them.

All this was already accomplished by the time his jurisdictional problems finally ended in 1674, when he was named Bishop of the diocese of Quebec, primatial see of Canada. The second in North America after that of Mexico, it was immediately subject to Rome and not to France, with jurisdiction over all territory discovered by the French. Its expanse was immense. Although in all it contained probably less than 4000 French Catholics, about 1500 of them Indians, it extended literally over the whole of North America, with the exception of Spanish Florida and the Wasp coastal settlements on the Sides. Usan Catholics now tend to forget, if they ever knew, that the vast majority of their parishes *have* their roots, not in the U.S. Constitution, but in the charism of the blessed Bishop Laval. Whoever would know the true history of Chicago, St. Louis, Seattle, Des Moines and others, must read French ecclesiastical annals. During Laval's tenure the number of parishes increased from 25 to 102, and religious from 32 to about 97. With him, the Faith stuck fast to the Sides.

And, of course, there was always the interminable quarrel about brandy, whose sale to the Indians had originally been strictly forbidden. The redskin's inability to handle firewater is

well known, and there are many firsthand contemporary accounts of the havoc it caused in the colony. Bl. Marie de l'Incarnation speaks of the Bishop *"withering away"* at the sight of the *"murders, rapes, monstrous and unspeakable brutalities"* committed by drunken Indians. Unfortunately, the brandy traffic greatly facilitated the fur trade; and following the example of the Wasps, the French merchants soon appreciated its power to extract pelts from the Indian hunters. Directly or indirectly, everyone profited economically.

Bishop Laval nonetheless promptly excommunicated anyone who took part, even requesting the death penalty from the temporal authorities. Argenson's successor Avaugour consented to enforce this desperate measure, but soon relented under pressure and gave full license to the liquor dealers. A tremendous upheaval ensued, the Bishop launching into fresh excommunications, and popular fury forcing him to revoke them. In desperation Laval left for France to appeal to the King, and during his absence Heaven made its own move:

Early in 1663 Fr. Lalement reports, *"We beheld blazing serpents which flew through the air, borne on wings of fire. We beheld above Quebec a great globe of flame which lighted up the night and threw out sparks on all sides. This same meteor appeared above Montreal, where it seemed to issue from the bosom of the moon, with a noise as loud as cannon or thunder; and after sailing three leagues through the air, it disappeared behind the mountain whereof this island bears the name."* A good Algonquin Christian squaw heard a voice in the middle of the night which said, *"Strange things will happen today; the earth will quake!"* Mother Catherine de St. Augustin, a hospital nun of Quebec whose Cause has just been opened, on the same night beheld four demons shaking the four corners of Quebec, restrained only by our Lord. She heard them say, *"Let us keep on shaking and do our best to upset everything!"*

The next day a momentous earthquake occured. Extending as far as New England and New Amsterdam, it is amply substantiated by contemporary accounts and later findings by geologists. The tremors did not cease entirely until midsummer, and the St. Lawrence was so filled with mud that the water was undrinkable. Entire hills disappeared, streams were diverted, waterfalls leveled, and new springs started. Severe drought followed, then torrential rain. Not the least extraordinary effect of the cataclysm was that in all the sound and fury, not one life was lost. But what a warning! The Wasp was not so fortunate. Two years later, in the wake of the comet, London was visited by its Great Plague and Great Fire, costing thousands of life and untold misery.

In Canada nature quieted down with Laval's triumph at the French court. Louis XIV decided to take New France in hand personally; the brandy traffic was outlawed; Avaugour was recalled. Appointed in his place was a new governor of Laval's choosing, the Sieur de Mézy, a devout military official from Caen.The moribund Hundred Associates were dissolved in favor of a Council composed of the Bishop and the Governor, with members appointed by them. To centralize dangerously divided power, Mézy removed the good Chomedey de Maisonneuve from Montreal and replaced him with a vice-governor subject to the Council. Never a rich man, Maisonneuve spent his remaining years without rancor or bitterness in Paris, pursuing a life of prayer,and ever faithful to the vow of chastity he had made in his youth. On her trip to France in 1670 St. Marguerite happily availed herself of his hospitality.

For the moment, it looked as if the Church might control the State in New France,but this was equally dangerous, and didn't last long. The Bishop soon found himself sadly mistaken in his man, the Sieur de Mézy, who seemed to change character completely under the weight of his new office. The brandy trade flared out anew, and de Mézy's successors proved even more incorrigible. Fresh paroxysms set in under the worldly and irascible Frontenac, who became Governor in 1672: *"Nearly all the disorders in New France,"* argued he, *"spring from the ambition of the ecclesiastics, who want to join to their spiritual authority an absolute power over things temporal, and who persecute all who do not submit entirely to them!"* His special target being the Jesuits and the Bishop, he took up the cause of the Recollects, further aggravating the situation. Laval struggled through one more governorship and then, in 1684, physically too ill to carry out his duties, he resigned his see. In constant suffering and free of exterior work, he was now to pick up the heavier spiritual weapons and take on the enemy at close quarters. For this kind of in-fighting, as we shall see, he had experienced help from certain members of his diocese. . .

- END OF PART FOUR -

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# The SIDES of the NORTH

PART FIVE

by SOLANGE HERTZ

## MORE CANADIAN DIAMONDS

The underlying cause of Bishop de Laval's troubles was, of course, his sanctity. In a letter to her son Bl. Marie de l'Incarnation confides, "*Our prelate is...very zealous and inflexible. Zealous in promoting the observance of anything he feels will increase God's glory; and inflexible in not giving way to anything contrary...He gives away everything and lives like the poor...nevertheless, where the dignity and authority of his office are concerned,he overlooks no occasion.*" We have seen how Governor d'Argenson fared with him regarding the honors of the sanctuary.

His bitterest purifications were those of his last twenty years, when he lived as a recluse in his dear Seminary. Assisting his successor Bishop de Saint-Vallier only incidentally, he was forced to look on helplessly as the new prelate embarked on the systematic destruction of all he had so painfully achieved. Aiming to pattern the new Canadian see on those of the mother country, Saint-Vallier made the unusual Seminary his first target. Although working admirably for the purpose for which it had been designed, it was quickly reduced to a mere school for boys and seminarians on the European model, its staff functioning no longer as diocesan administrators in close touch with the people, but only as pedagogues. Laval suspected this was the devil's work, and when shortly thereafter fire devoured it along with its chapel and rectory, he was sure of it. Hardly re-built, minus the chapel, it burned a second time.

Despite all, according to Br. Hubert Houssard, who tended his Excellency faithfully to the end, he "*never for one moment lost his peace, joy and tranquility, because such accidents were not of a nature capable of attacking his patience and virtue, which were well above that.*" Brother testifies that until his last illness his master rose at two in the morning and at three thereafter, to pray in his room "*where it froze hard every night in winter, there being no stove.*" At four he would go to church, "*his lantern in his hand, to open the doors and ring the bells for his Mass, which was the earliest, for the laborers at four-thirty,*" remaining in the unheated building to pray until seven. Assiduous in enhancing the canonical offices of the cathedral by his episcopal presence, he would have himself carried there over the protests of his doctor when he was too weak to walk. As long as he was able he continued tending the sick with his own hands in the hospital nearby. Shortly before his death Br. Hubert discovered in his cash-box a small pen-knife worth a few cents and asked him for it. "*My child,*" he was told, "*if I still own this knife, I give it to you with all my heart, so as no longer to possess anything on earth, and to free myself entirely from the goods of this world.*"

**Marie-Catherine de Saint-Augustin**
**1632-1668**

At the last he could speak only of God,offering his deathbed sufferings "*for all the sins of the Seminary.*" Heaven hearing, his pain doubled, "*which was excessive from that day till his death,*" on May 6, 1708 at the age of eighty-five. Not even his enemies doubted his holiness. When his heart was removed for special veneration, bits of bone were taken from his chest, his hair was cut and linen dipped in his blood to satisfy some 3000 requests for relics. Crowds attended the funeral, and immediately began the miracles, which have not ceased for those who invoke him. His body lies today in the Seminary chapel, rebuilt once more, in the company of all those other sacred relics so little noted by the world but so feared by the Enemy.

Prophetically, Jacques Cartier had collected his "Canadian diamonds" by the basketful, and so it is with saints, who are never produced in isolation. Being the most active cells in the Mystical Body, they are deeply inter-related and inevitably proliferate. The grace God poured out through His servant Laval did not return to Him void. Among his diocesans was the little hospital sister who had seen the devils shaking the four corners

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of Quebec, Marie-Catherine de Saint-Augustin. A lively, pretty, unassuming girl, nobly born and reared to virtue by saintly grandparents, she had been favored with high mystical graces since early childhood. At twelve she entered the Augustinian order in Bayeux, France. At sixteen, still a novice, she volunteered for the Hotel-Dieu hospital in Quebec, managed by her sisters in religion since 1639. She sailed in 1648, on the same ship as the saintly Governor d'Ailleboust.

The opposition stirred by hell against her departure pursuing her aboard ship, an outbreak of pestilence carried off the captain and several others. Near death herself, she is rescued from an infernal dragon at her bedside by our Lady, who offers her the choice of dying on the spot with the assurance of going to heaven, or remaining on earth in uncertainty of her salvation. Catherine abandons herself to God's will and soon finds herself recovering in Quebec at the height of the Iroquois terror. *"From year to year their audacity and insolence grew towards New France,"* writes Goyau in *Origines Religieuses du Canada."The Dutch, their neighbors to the southeast, supplied them with arquebuses...It seemed Satan in person rose up, ready to expel from his Canadian kingdom this newcomer called Jesus, by means of the complicity of the pagan Iroquois and the secret assistance of the Dutch Calvinist."* Catherine finds comfort in this, for long ago her director had impressed on her that *"those who suffer are more likely to be doing God's will."* She refers to her new home as *"a little paradise."* The true nature of her vocation gradually dawning on her, she writes back to Bayeux, *"I offered myself to the Divine Majesty to serve Him as a victim, as often as he pleases."*

A forerunner of the legion of victim souls demanded by the unparalleled needs of the embattled Church in America in the latter days, Sr. Catherine would enter into the closeest kind of encounters with the demons of the Sides. She would paralyze whole battalions of them by trapping them within her body. Performing her daily duties in the hospital, where she served as Treasurer and later as General Administrator, besides nursing the sick, writing letters for them and counselling them (for she had the gift of reading hearts), she betrayed nothing exteriorly. Bl. Marie de l''Incarnation tells us that when she died,*"no one in the Community knew there was anything extraordinary about her, not even her Superior. Only his Excellency the Bishop knew, and her director."* She wrote her son that the favors Sr. Catherine received from heaven would *"fill a volume,"* but she was more astounded by her virtue, relating how the young nun had been seriously ill herself but *"for over eight years without taking to her bed, without complaining, without failing in obedience or omitting her religious exercises, whether in choir, office or community."*

Bishop de Laval often confided in Sr. Catherine and came close to regarding her as the guardian angel of his far-flung diocese: *"This was a soul God chose for the purpose of communicating very great and very special graces. Her holiness will be better recognized in heaven than in this life."* Alas, she is still unknown, even on the Sides where she labored, although Laval ordered her director, the Jesuit Fr. Paul Ragueneau, to write her biography after she died at the age of thirty-six. Based almost entirely on a journal she had kept under obedience, it contains details highly pertinent today, when heaven seems to be addressing calls to victimhood to all the faithful generally. Like St. Teresa of Avila, Sr. Catherine had been shown her place in hell if she was unfaithful. Favored with mystical Communions, allowed to caress the Infant Jesus and even nourished with our Lady's milk, she entered deeply into the mysteries of the Faith. Presented to the Holy Ghost as spouse by the Blessed Virgin, she saw Him at work *"in the form of a huge cloud only waiting to empty itself everywhere. Under this cloud I saw a large number of people on whom the Holy Ghost was pouring out, but very differently. This mist penetrated the first with great ease and sweetness. It ran off the second and fell to earth. As for the third, not only was it lost on them, but when it fell on them it encountered such great resistance it spattered far away, sometimes more, sometimes less."* She was also shown the many souls in Purgatory saved from damnation by her prayers and sufferings.

She had need of such consolations, for when she arrived in Canada it was no longer a missionary colony, but had been raised to the status of a full French province, and the demons of the Sides were deploying all their strength to retain an empire threatening to slip entirely from their grasp. Even as a child she had experienced Satan's onslaughts, but these had been mere preparation for what she would face in Quebec. St. Jean de Brébeuf suffered his martyrdom a year after her arrival, and she had never met him, but near the end of her life he was given to her as a special director from heaven. He appeared to her frequently and sometimes brought her Holy Communion. With him she made a pact to save Canada, for *"He told me many times that he would take care of the country's affairs."*

Her new apostolate began with furious temptations to gluttony, impurity and quite understandable yearnings to return to France. These last never left her, and in 1654 she opposed them by a solemn vow of perpetual stability to our Lord, *"who by an all-loving disposition of Your divine Providence have wished to place me in this country."* Hell re-doubled its fury, and five years later she offers herself formally as a victim for Canada. In 1663, the year of

the great earthquake, she cries out, "*My Savior and my all! If demons dwelling in my body is pleasing to You, I am happy to have them stay as long as You please. Provided sin doesn't enter with them, I fear nothing, and I hope You will grant me the grace of loving You for all eternity.*" At times she was invaded by hordes of devils, who gave her no rest day or night. "*I was as if maddened by the violence I did myself so as not to accede to* (their) *desires.*" Tormented by doubts of the Real Presence, with deep aversion to prayer and Holy Communion, she was on one occasion saved from despair and suicide by the watchful St. Jean de Brébeuf, who appeared just as she had seized a knife to end her life by diabolic complusion.

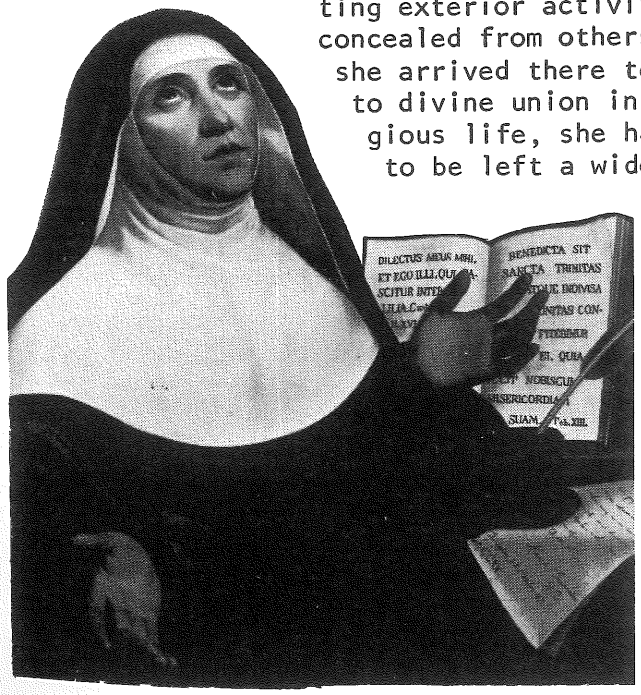
Her triumphs were many. Without her, Quebec's Basilica, first cathedral on the Sides, would not have been dedicated, nor would the terrible earthquake have passed off harmlessly. To her the impenitent Governor de Mésy owed his deathbed conversion, his eternal sentence commuted to as many years in Purgatory as he spent days in Canada. (Without suffrages, he would by now have served about 1/50 of his time.) In 1662 she had seen Satan at his court receiving the homage of the devils of Quebec, Beaupré, Trois-Rivières and Montreal and heard their boasts of the trouble they were causing. Just prior to the earthquake she saw St. Michael wielding three arrows for "*three kinds of punishment for three kinds of sins habitually committed in this country: impiety, impurity and lack of charity, especially by detraction and dissension.*"

In the fascinating modern study of Sr. Catherine, *Dieu et Satan*, Sr. Ghislaine Boucher, RJM writes, "*Catherine thus interiorized to the maximum the warfare waged against Satan in a new country still partly savage. She bears in herself the very mystery of Christ who comes to cast out the prince of this world, by dying on the Cross. By her interior agony Catherine drives the devil out of this country, by carrying within herself all the tragedy and suffering of sin.*" We suspect many of the embattled demons fled south to New England. They could have instigated the famous trials in Salem, Massachusetts, where in 1692 fifty-five men and women who confessed to witchcraft were exonerated, and nineteen who pleaded innocent were hanged. Sorcery was not unknown in Canada, but it never got out of hand, controlled as it was by the Church. Sr. Catherine delivered one young possessed woman who had proved impervious to exorcism after the ministrations of a Huguenot miller who was a secret warlock, but such cases were rare. In this case the devils retaliated by launching an influenza epidemic.

Thus does the true character of the political struggle in America expose itself. Man's life on earth remains a *warfare* (Job 7:1), and the Church on earth remains Militant, not yet Triumphant, saving souls in the furious heat of a battle for the most part invisible. Our young heroine died a warrior, singing the *Te Deum*. She still cures the sick, her body reposing at the Hotel-Dieu in Quebec, and her Cause for beatification was opened at last in 1980.

⚜

"*Pray our divine Lord to grant me a life as holy and a death as holy as He did this good girl!*" Bl. Marie de l'Incarnation, another of Bishop de Laval's diocesans, I begged her friends. It would seem that our Lord did, for in its own way, her story is as inspiring as the hospital sister's. Alike in that both succeeded in uniting exalted contemplation with unremitting exterior activity, the stately Marie's mystical gifts could not be concealed from others. Regarded as the "Mother of the Church in Canada," she arrived there ten years before Catherine and lived much longer. Called to divine union in a dream when she was seven, and longing for the religious life, she had nonetheless married in obedience to her parents, only to be left a widow at nineteen with a small son. Her youth was spent liquidating her husband's debts and managing her sister and brother-in-law's large transport business in Tours, where she displayed exceptional executive talents.



MARIE DE L'INCARNATION.

"*I passed whole days in a stable which served as a warehouse,*" she recalled, "*and sometimes at midnight I was at dockside overseeing the loading and unloading of merchandise. My ordinary companions were porters, draymen and even fifty or sixty horses which fell to my care. Sometimes I found myself so overloaded with work that I didn't know where to start. I addressed my usual Refuge, telling Him, 'My Love, there is no way for me to do everything, but do it for me, otherwise all will be left undone.' Thus, confiding in His goodness, everything was easy for me. These new problems never distracted me from the*

*close attention I paid to God and which always absorbed me, but rather I felt strengthened in it, because all was done in charity and not for my personal profit."*

When her son reached the age of twelve, Marie under divine pression prevailed upon her sister to take charge of him and allow her to enter the Ursuline convent in Tours. She found this, like Ste. Jeanne de Chantal, the cruelest renunciation of her life. Reports of the growing boy caused her much anguish, but he wound up an exemplary priest and his mother's confidant. We are indebted to their transatlantic correspondence for much of the early history of Canada. Soon after her profession she was favored with a mysterious dream wherein she saw herself and an unknown laywoman leaving for a vast, strange country of mists and mountains where, after myriad difficulties, they were met by an Apostle who brought them into the presence of our Lady. Thereafter, *"My body was in our convent, but my spirit could not be shut up,"* and eventually our Lord explains, *"It is Canada I let you see. You must go there to make a home for Jesus and Mary."* Although cloistered, she would become the first French missionary sister.

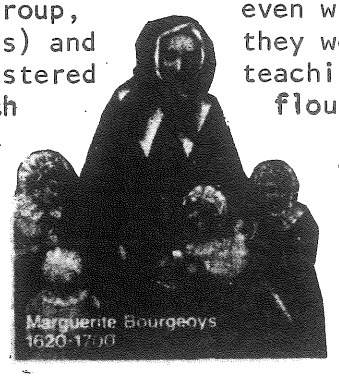
The unknwon companion was an intrepid Norman aristocrat by the name of Madame de la Peltrie, dying of fever at the time. She too had married obediently despite aspirations to the religious life and was now widowed, but childless, and determined to answer the appeals of Fr. Le Jeune in the *Jesuit Relations* to go educate the Indian girls, for whom there were as yet no schools. She obtained a miraculous cure from St. Joseph, promising to build a house in his honor in Canada. Unfortunately her father threatened to disinherit her if she did not re-marry. Helpless without the necessary fortune, she concoted a ruse worthy of that earlier benefactress of the Canadian missions, Mme. de Guercheville: Laying her dilemma before M. de Bernières de Louvigni, future leading light of that famous Hermitage at Caen where Bishop de Laval himself would receive spiritual formation, she entreated him to enter into a sham marriage with her. Under a vow of chastity, Bernières was understandably reluctant, but with the salvation of Amerindians at stake and the encouragement of their spiritual directors, he capitulated -- to the delight of her father, who happily died before learning of the deception. Another vow to St. Joseph secured the dismissal of a lawsuit brought by her irate relatives to secure her property, and the new "Mme. de Bernières" was free to proceed.

In Tours she meets the able Marie, already designated to head the new foundation overseas, and who recognized her on sight as the lady in her prophetic dream. In 1639 these two set sail with the Hotel-Dieu sisters in the company of M. de Bernières and two Ursulines, the whole venture confided to St. Joseph by Marie. His hidden hand ever at work in Canadian history, he would save them from shipwreck, Spaniards and an iceberg before they reached Quebec. Marie nursed no illusions: *"I had a vision of what would happen to me in Canada. I saw endless crosses, interior abandonment on the part of God and creatures to the point of crucifixion, that I was to enter into a hidden and unknown life...I cannot express the fright felt in my spirit and whole nature in this vision."* Long before Sr. Catherine arrived, she had offered herself a victim for Canada.

Her gigantic undertaking began in a little two-room house, replaced three years later by a three-story convent and school. This burned down in 1650, the Ursulines finding shelter at the Hotel-Dieu with Sr. Catherine and her Augustinians, but it was soon re-built by the dauntless Marie, who found her practical talents amply challenged. Soon she gave evidence of a heretofore unsuspected extraordinary intellect, used to the full as a superlative educator of both Indian and French girls. Her convent became a cultural and spiritual center for the entire colony. From stark necessity she found herself writing voluminously for her new field of action, snatching time for it like St. Teresa from a merciless round of duties. Her pen composed hundreds of letters to anyone who might provide help or influence in the evangelization of the Sides, besides training manuals for teachers, textbooks, moral instructions for the young, dictionaries and catechisms in the Indian dialects containing translations of Christian prayers. Her autobiographical writings, written under obedience, rank among the most elevated spiritual teaching in the Church, prompting the great Bossuet to call her "the Teresa of the New World."

Nearing seventy in 1668, she was still at it. She writes her son Dom Claude Martin in France, *"From the beginning of Lent up to the Ascension, I wrote a big book in Algonquin on sacred history and holy things, together with a dictionary and a catechism in Iroquois which is a treasure. Last year I wrote a big Algonquin dictionary in the French alphabet; I have another in the native alphabet."* Her spiritual stature may be gauged from a sample of her famous *Relation of 1654*, where she speaks of the three degrees of poverty of spirit: *"My whole soul tended to this sublime virtue, which I saw held the highest place in the sublime life of the Son of God, for I saw all the other virtues enclosed therein, andits object was none other than the pure and naked love which in its simplicity no longer possesses anything but God."* She died in 1672 in the odor of sanctity, and was beatified on the same day as her bishop, François de Laval.

Although she never became a nun, Mme. de la Peltrie, her companion through fires, famine, earthquake, Iroquois and the rigors of winter, had died the preceding year in the same convent. Working fora time in Montreal also, she had been one of the procession when Maisonneuve carried his huge votive cross to the summit of Mont Royal. She was on hand in 1653 when Bl. Marguerite Bourgeoys arrived to undertake the education of girls in Montreal. An experienced young teacher from Troyes, the latter had been recruited by Maisonneuve, whom she, like so many of these chosen apostles, had immediately recognized from a dream. Like Mother Marie in Quebec, Marguerite formed the first mothers of Canada, but not from the cloister. Although Bishop de Laval ardently desired her to incorporate with the Ursulines and remain on her own, she doggedly resisted all efforts to enclaustrate her group, even when their building burned down (the demons apparently played no favorites) and they were temporarily destitute. At long last, in her 80's, her community of uncloistered teaching sisters was formally established as the Congregation de Notre Dame, which flourishes to this day.




On board ship with her when she first arrived were several prospective brides for the settlers, and these would become a special apostolate. To populate the colony quickly and discourage bachelorhood -- ever a source of social instability without religious affiliations -- Louis XIV arranged to sendpoor but honest girls as wives. Known as "the King's daughters," about a thousand came between 1665 and 1673, dowries and transportation provided by royal bounty. The imputation, sometimes heard today as in the past, that these were girls taken off the streets of Paris, is grossly false, but plausible because it had been done by the Huguenot Roberval, and was accepted practice in the Wasp colonies. In 1658 Governor d'Argenson actually pronounced a judgment against a merchant of La Rochelle who was *"so insolent as to send to this country a girl debauched and actually pregnant, and whom he knew to be in this condition. I sentenced him to return her to La Rochelle at his expense."* In point of fact each candidate had to have a certificate from her pastor or magistrate in France proving she was free to marry, and all were accompanied by pious matrons on the voyage.

Bl. Marguerite once served in this capacity on her return from a recruiting trip, and "As *they were to be the mothers of future families,"* she recalled, *"I thought it only right that they should be brought together in a safe place, and that of all others, the Blessed Virgin's house ought to be open to her children. Filled with this thought, and scarcely waiting to consult the sisters, I hurried to the shore to meet these girls and to take them to our house."* Supervising them closely, she taught them catechism and household skills, well aware of the difficult adjustments they would have to make, some being barely sixteen. Every girl had the right to decline a suitor not to her taste, and Mother Bourgeoys interviewed all the young men who applied. Today her small neat handwriting can still be read on some of the marriage contracts. The King providing bonuses for each child born in wedlock - parents of ten receiving a pension of 300 *livres* a year, parents of twelve 400 *livres* - the population of New France quite understandably doubled within a decade.

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Canada's first canonical solitary, the wealthy Mlle. Jeanne Le Ber of Montreal, was, under God, the product of both the cloistered contemplative Marie de l''Incarnation and the active "new" nun Marguerite Bourgeoys, for she studied with both communities. God-daughter of Jeanne Mance, saintly foundress of Montreal's hospital sisters, Jeanne withdrew from society completely while still in her teens, immured in a room at home for some ten years under temporary vows. Practicing extreme mortification, she refused to leave it even when her mother lay dying under the same roof or when her brother was brought home mortally wounded from a skirmish with the English and Iroquois.

After so long a test of her singular vocation, Mother Bourgeoys accepted Jeanne as a member of her Congregation, believing her called to represent among them *"Magdalene who dwelt in a grotto as St. John the Baptist had in the wilderness."* She would occupy a cell behind the altar of the new chapel Jeanne had built and endowed for them from her own fortune. On the Eve of the Transfiguration, 1695 she was installed there by Fr. Dollier de Casson, the Sulpician Superior: *"I blessed a little room with its little door and grille for Mlle. Jeanne Le Ber...After the blessing, which I gave as Vicar General, before the clergy as well as all the sisters of the Congregation, and other people from the outside, I made a brief exhortation to which she listened on her knees, after which I led her to the above-mentioned apartment in which she locked herself up at once."*

She never left it. Dead to the world, occupied solely with prayer, penance and needlework, she was nonetheless often appealed to in cases of conscience and public calamity. When the English invaded in 1711, a banner of the Virgin embroidered by her was credited with destroying their fleet by means of a sudden south wind, its inscription reading, *"She is as terrible as an army*

*in battle array. She will help us vanquish our enemies."* All we know of her heroic hidden life is what her director imparted to her biographer Fr. de Belmont. He tells us her last twenty years were bereft of all consolation, lived through only by sheer force of will with God's grace. She died in rags, but the angels are said to have mended her spinning wheel and helped her with her gorgeous embroderies, some of which can still be seen in Montreal.

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Jeanne Le Ber would prove that Canadian diamonds are not French implants, for she was a native, as would be Bl. Marguerite d'Youville, a young widow (like Bl. Marie and Mme. de la Peltrie) born near Montreal and left with the care of two sons. Grand-daughter of Governor Pierre Boucher of Trois-Rivières, she would found the Sisters of Charity known to her local detractors as *"les soeurs grises"* - in English the "gray" or "tipsy sisters" - in allusion to their foundress' husband, who died a dissolute drunkard. Not lacking a sense of humor, Mother d'Youville chose gray for her community's habit, and the name stuck. And there was Montreal-born Bl. André Grasset de Saint-Sauveur, who found himself in Paris during the Terror among the three bishops and 188 priests martyred at the Carmelite monastery for refusing to take the revolutionary civil oath.

It would be impossible to mention all the Canadian diamonds of French extraction. But what of the savages who were the object of their labors? Before the close of the 17th century the Holy Ghost himself bore witness to the fruitfulness of their efforts by drawing out of the northern forests, from the very *donjon* of the demons of the Sides, that miracle of grace who is Bl. Kateri Tekakwitha, the "Lily of the Mohawks." In her we can see what savagery really is: not man's primitive condition from which we all sprang, as the Serpent would have us believe; but rather the one we all end up in after swift degeneration from previous civilization. It is the ultimate fall from Adam's original justice. Clutching about him tatters of past glory, the Amerindian of the Sides was a man long disfigured, crying for restoration to the divine image in which he had been constituted, with all its intellectual and volitional adornments. The Spanish and French missionaries understood this perfectly.

The strange urban savages "evolving" today, semi-nude, semi-literate and stifled in conscience, have been *scientifically* degraded, clear proof that the last of the latter days will soon be dawning. Already they require that final missionary effort which only God can make: the Second Coming. Tekakwitha was a joyful presage of this apocalyptic event. If Bl. Marie de l'Incarnation is the New World's Teresa of Avila, then she must be its Therese of Lisieux, its Little Wildflower. Like her she died at twenty-four, with as little display of spectacular talents or mystical states, yet to date she has inspired over 50 biographies in ten languages. Her life was extraordinary beyond all telling, and extraordinarily Indian. She is truly the "noble savage" the French *philosophes* expected to find here ready-made, but which only the French missionaries by God's grace could produce.

*Catherine tekakoüita Iroquoise du Sault S.Iouis de Montreal en Canada morte en odeur de Sainteté.*

It would seem she was seed sprung from the blood of St. Isaac Jogues, St. René Goupil and St. Jean Lalande, for she saw first saw the light in 1656 on soil watered by their martyrdom about ten years before, near modern Auriesville, New York, in what was then Bishop de Laval's outsized diocese. Her mother was a Christian Algonquin piously reared by a French family in Trois-Rivières, but who had been captured by the Mohawks and married to one of them. Although she must have imparted some Catholic teaching to the little girl and her brother, she dared not bring them up in the Faith for fear of reprisals, the Mohawks being among the last to tolerate the French or their religion.

When Tekakwitha was four, smallpox carried off her family, and she was adopted by her uncle Chief Big Wolf, an ardent hater of Christians, and two aunts. Left badly scarred by the disease, with eyes so weak and constitution so delicate she had toremain indoors much of the day doing household chores, the girl was left much to herself and drawn to divine contemplation. She must nevertheless have been capable and resolute, for at the age of eight, when according to Indian custom children received appropriate adult names, she was called *Te ka kwitha*, "she who drives all before her." A good translation might be Valiant Woman, for such was the Mohawk ideal for her sex.

After 1666, year of the dedication of the Bishop's Ba-

silica, the Mohawks finally accepted the blackrobes, but they were cordially despised by Big Wolf, who contemptuously relegated their entertainment to Tekakwitha when they visited. Still, converts were made. From these the girl managed to glean something of her mother's religion, and when she reached marriageable age, she shocked the whole village by refusing any suitor her aunts proposed. This was incomprehensible, for celibacy was unknown among the tribes, and Tekakwitha was proving to be a lily of purity in a culture which had no place for the virtue the missionaries found hardest to implant. Unremitting persecution from her nearest and dearest became her daily bread.

One day, however, while she was confined to quarters with an injured foot and the villagers were away on their seasonal hunting trip, Fr. Jacques de Lamberville managed to see her alone for a period of time. He received her as a catechumen, and on Easter Sunday 1677, when she was twenty, she was baptized Catherine or "Kateri." After a brief respite, her persecutions mounted: Abstaining from work on Sunday drew heavy reprimands; she was constantly ridiculed and even at times deprived of food; and a young brave actually threatened to kill her. Fearing for her safety, the Father arranged to send her to the mission of St. Francis Xavier at Caughnawaga on the south bank of the St. Lawrence opposite Montreal, where many Christians had already found refuge. Among others the converted chief Ganeagowa lived there with his family, and it was known far and wide as an exemplary community of "praying Indians."

Her escort would be a fiery chief known as Hot Cinders, one of St. Jean de Brébeuf's executioners, who had been converted and baptized Louis. A gifted orator, he had become a zealous catechist. He even made regular missionary journeys on his own throughout Iroquois territory, teaching with the aid of pictures drawn by the Jesuits, to whom this kind of help was indispensable. Apparently he, a Huron convert and a relative of Tekakwitha's were on one such jaunt when he came to her village and agreed to take her back with him. Hot Cinders would begin his instructions with, *"I used to have no sense. I lived like an animal, but I was told about the Great Spirit, the true Lord of heaven and earth, and now I live like a man!"*

There were several others like him. Fr. de Bruyas speaks of one Kinnonskouen as *"that fervent preacher (who) gathered our Christians together in the evening (work in the fields not permitting him to do it by day), and spent two or three hours of the night instructing them and teaching them to sing. One man like him could do more than ten missionaries like me! Oh, holy the mission which possesses such perfect Christians, and holier yet the missionary who formed them by his cares and labors!* Crescent in millia millia!" There were Canadian diamonds among those Indians, only a few of whose names have come down to us: the extraordinary Catherine Ganneaktena, co-foundress of the St. Francis Xavier Mission, died only two years before Kateri arrived there; the 14-year-old Jeanne Ouenditė , who had been permitted to make a formal vow of chastity, died in Quebec that very year; the young hunter Martin Skandekonraksen had been granted three visions of our Lady before his death at the age of twenty.

True men of Nineveh, deeply ashamed of their former crimes, the Indian converts found an outlet for both their natural generosity and their penchant for cruelty in ardent love of the Cross, thirsting for the martyrdom which was so often accorded them. One of the missionaries' greatest problems was curbing their penitential excesses. They indulged in bloody scourging as a matter of course, and some, like the Chief, wore iron girdles under their clothing. In winter the women would roll in the snow in sub-zero weather, even cracking the ice of ponds to stand up to their necks in icy water while reciting decades of the Rosary. One mother who nearly killed her 3-year-old girl by such an immersion, maintained the child should be allowed to expiate her future sins in advance!

It was into such an atmosphere that Kateri was introduced after a ticklish escape from her former pagan surroundings, armed with a letter from Fr. de Lamberville to Fr. Cholenec at the Mission which read, *"We are sending you a treasure..Guard it well!"* Fr. Cholenec was not disappointed, for he would thrice write her biography. In her new intensely Catholic environment she spent the last three years of her life in a rapid spiritual ascent. She lodged with her adopted relations and the saintly old Anastasia Tegonhatsiongo, who had been a friend of her mother's and who now became her counselor, preparing her for her first Holy Communion that Christmas. Forming a holy friendship with a fervent young widow, Teresa Tegaiaquenta, Kateri and she became *"one heart and soul in two bodies,"* according to Fr. Cholenec. *"They spoke only of God and of things which would draw them to God; their talks were like spiritual conferences."* On a trip to Montreal they saw nuns for the first time and yearned to form an Indian community, but the Fathers judging this inopportune, they had to rest content with membership in the Confraternity of the Holy Family. The Jesuit relates that they regularly disappeared into the woods *"several times a week to scourge their shoulders with birches, as Catherine had been doing privately for a long time."* She was foremost in the frightening austerities prevalent among her compatriots, but she joined hers to an extraordinary love for the Blessed Sacrament, unalterable sweetness and patience, and unswerving obedience to her spiritual guide. Also, she possessed that saving sense of

humor which so often accompanies a just appreciation for suffering.

This last was not all self-inflicted. Her health, always poor, now failed rapidly, and she was in constant pain. To her great distress her adopted sister and even old Anastasia began urging her to marry, and as a final purification, God permitted her to be accused of adultery. Only a year before her death was she allowed to make a private vow of virginity, consecrated to our Lady. In 1680 she died in the odor of sanctity, repeating the names of Jesus and Mary, *"Jesos, Wari,"* promising the friends at her bedside, *"In heaven I shall be nearer to you than during this life. I will watch over you..."* The whole Mission was inconsolable. Praying near her body, Fr. Cholenec was amazed to see every pock-mark disappear from her face, which became radiantly beautiful.

She who, like the Little Flower of Lisieux, had lived in near total obscurity, now became famous overnight through the flood of miracles she unleashed all over the Catholic Sides. Among innumerable cures were those of Fr. de la Colombière, Vicar General at the time and brother to the famous Sacred Heart Apostle Bl. Claude de la Colombière. She also restored to health Captain du Luth, after whom the Minnesota city is named. Fr. Cholenec was constrained to paint as well as he could a likeness of Kateri from which crude paper copies were made, and these turned out to be so miraculous the demand for them could not be met. There were even cures at the French court, from whence devotion to Kateri began radiating over Europe. At the time, her canonization seemed imminent.

Meanwhile, at the old Mission, fervor reached fever pitch. Married couples began living in continence, widows renouncing second marriages, and young people begging to be allowed to take vows of chastity. Following Kateri's example, women began rolling themselves on thorns during whole nights. Even on her deathbed she had asked for extra penances, and to a friend who had taken the discipline for her intention in the woods, she had said shortly before she died, *"I know where you come from and what you did there. Go, take heart, rest assured you are pleasing to God and I shall help you before Him."* She appeared to many, among the first to Anastasia, to whom she said, *"Mother, look at this Cross I am carrying, see, see how beautiful it is! Oh, how I loved It on earth! Oh, how I love It still in heaven!"*

By 1744 Fr. François Xavier de Charlevoix in his monumental *History of New France* had to acknowledge that Kateri Tekakwitha, *" a young neophyte almost unknown to the whole country during her life...for more than sixty years...has been regarded as Protectress of Canada, and it has been impossible to oppose a kind of* cultus *publicly rendered to her."* Nonetheless, fiercely contested by the demons of the Sides, her beatification, like that of her Bishop and Bl. Marie de l'Incarnation, was delayed for three hundred years.

There would be untold woe in the interval. On Easter Monday, six days after her death, Kateri appeared in glory to Fr. Chauchetière, one of the priests of the Mission, for the space of two hours *"her eyes raised to heaven as if in ecstasy,"* writes her biographer Fr. Edouard Lecompte, S.J.: *"On her right could be seen a toppled church, on her left a savage bound to a stake and burned alive."* The vision was not understood at the time, although a few years later the village church was indeed demolished in a hurricane and a Catholic Iroquois captured and martyred. As we shall see, it is only today that the full import of the terrible prophecy has come clear.

SAINTS OF THE SIDES, *pray for us still here in the heat of battle!*

- END of PART FIVE -

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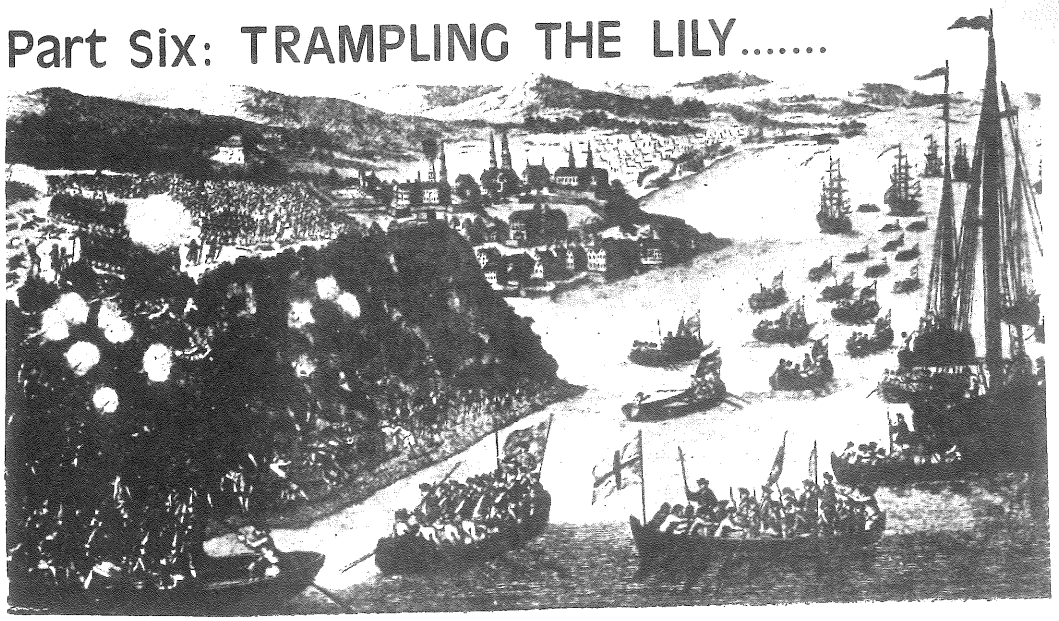
# The SIDES of the NORTH

## Part Six: TRAMPLING THE LILY.....



by SOLANGE HERTZ

According to Bl. Marie de l'Incarnation, a vocation to Canada practically created *"a moral necessity of becoming a saint."* Indeed Kateri Tekakwitha's ominous vision would soon materialize. Despite appearances to the contrary, the Church would topple, and the martyrdom of Amerindia begin. Years before Tekakwitha died, the Jesuit Fr. Marquette and Louis Joliet had explored the Mississippi ( the venerable *River of the Holy Spirit* on early Spanish maps), and two years after her death French Catholic rule would be carried by La Salle and three Franciscan Recollects as far as the Gulf of Mexico, where in 1718 the city of New Orleans would be founded in Louisiana.

Whereas the Wasp hugged the shoreline, the Lily in her search for souls penetrated the interior, and many great cities germinated from the fur trading posts and missions she planted deep within the continent. In 1701 the Sieur de la Mothe-Cadillac, with a hundred Canadians and a missionary, founded Detroit. St. Louis and Chicago had similar beginnings, and northwest Indiana is still "St. Joseph's Valley," for the little Seminary in Quebec sent priests all along the Illinois and Ohio rivers. Of major importance was the communications network through the wilderness maintained by the travelling missionaries and *coureurs de bois* of the fur trade, who relayed vital information along with supplies and the Word of God. Such efficient expansion aroused the envy of the Wasp, never dormant except in the dead of winter, and ever fearful that the Catholic pincers of France and Spain might close upon his still precarious position.

The animosity between two irreconcilable cultures is reflected in the spirited correspondence which began after 1685 between Governor Denonville of Canada and Governor Thomas Dongan of the British colony of New York,newly acquired from the Dutch. Oddly enough, both were Catholics, the French-speaking Dongan being a nephew of the Irish Earl of Tyrconnel and heir to the earldom of Limerick. Although he had once commanded an Irish regiment for Louis XIV, he appeared nonetheless deeply committed to the service of the Wasp. On the other hand,the Marquis de Denonville (an ardent devotee of Tekakwitha) had arrived in Canada on the same ship as Bishop Laval's successor Saint-Vallier, who says of him, *"He spent nearly all his time in prayer and the reading of good books... In all the voyage I never saw him do anything wrong."*

When he took office the burning question was whether New France or New York would control the newly-opened west. Both governors realized that whichever side managed to enlist the support of the Indians would be the ultimate winner. *"They like the manners of the French,"* reported Denonville, *"but they like the cheap goods of the English better....The artifices of the English have reached such a point that it would be better if they attacked us openly and burned our settlements, instead of instigating the Iroquois against us for our destruction."* He accuses Dongan of exciting them *"by telling them publicly that I meant to declare war against them." "Mr. Dongan has written to me, and I have answered him as a man may do who wishes to dissimulate and does not feel strong enough to get angry."*

Denonville in fact appealed to Dongan as a Catholic: *"Think you, sir, that Religion will make any progress while your merchants supply Eau-de-Vie* (brandy) *in abundance which, as you ought to know, converts the savages into demons and their cabins into conterparts and theatres of hell?"* And again, *"You love our holy religion. Can we not then come to an understanding to sustain our missionaries by keeping these fierce tribes in respect and fear?"* Dongan politely

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denies the charges, and in June of 1687 sends Denonville some oranges, *"hearing they are a rarity in your parts."* In August Denonville replies, *I thank you, sir, for your oranges. It was a great pity that they should have been all rotten."*

Begging his King the next year to send troops, Denonville writes, *"We should succumb if our cause were not the cause of God. Your Majesty's zeal for religion...encourages me to hope that you will be the bulwark of the Faith in the new world as you are in the old. I cannot give you a truer idea of the war we have to wage with the Iroquois than by comparing them to a great number of wolves... issuing out of a vast forest to ravage the neighboring settlements....Nobody can find their lair, for they are always in motion."* There would be peace, says he, *"but for the malice of the English and the protection they have given our enemies."* He is seconded by the Bishop, who writes, *"The glory of God is involved, for the Iroquois are the only tribe who oppose the progress of the Gospel."*

The situation growing explosive, two years later Louis XIV orders the aged Count Frontenac out of retirement to invade New York and New England. He burns Schenectady and attacks Albany, initiating the serial conflict now referred to as the "French and Indian Wars." The Catholic Indians, many Iroquois among them, recognized the struggle as a crusade against God's enemies. While the squaws at home recited the Rosary, the braves made vows to our Lady and carried the fight into Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts. According to Fr. Thury,a Quebec seminary priest present at the battle for Pemaquid, these Indian converts took no scalps, tortured no prisoners, and poured out whatever rum barrels they found.

For the Puritan Wasp also it was a holy war, its issues racial and political as well as religious, sharpened by the fact that the French would recognize only James II as king of England, and not William of Orange. Numbers of women and children were certainly butchered by uncontrollable pagan Indians on both sides, but the French saved many by offering money for captives - some of whom opted to become Canadians as a result. A retaliatory expedition was organized under Governor William Phipps of Massachusetts, a coarse, rapacious rascal, self-made, and an ardent democrat. He began by invading the non-belligerent province of Acadia and forced its surrender, not negelecting to imprison Governor Ménéval and appropriate his household silver and linens, with his wardrobe. At Port Royal, *"We cut down the cross,"* boasted one of his men, *"rifled their church, pulled down their high alrar and broke their images,"* thus revealing the true nature of the conflict. From thence the Wasp turned unsuccessfully against Quebec and Montreal. Bishop Laval remarked later, *"Our Lord's protection that year appeared miraculous....Our greatest recourse was prayer and novenas....This means was more efficacious than the power of arms."*

The good Bishop does not mention germ warfare, but a Sokoki Indian told the Canadians that the overland attack on Montreal failed only because small pox had spread among the English from infected clothing they were preparing to use against the French and their allies. Perhaps the Wasp must be credited with the first use of this risky modern weapon, for some years later,with Canada prostrate and the English beset on all sides by Indian uprisings, an exchange took place between the English Commander-in-Chief Sir Jeffrey Amherst and his subordinate Col. Henry Bouquet which is preserved among the Haldimand Papers in the British Museum: *"Could it not be conceived,"* asks Amherst, *"to send the Small Pox among those disaffected tribes of Indians?"* To which Bouquet replies, *" I will try to inoculate the _____ with some blankets that may fall into their hands, and take care not to get the disease myself..."* And Amherst rejoins, *"You will do well to try to inoculate the Indians by means of blankets, as well as to try every other method that can serve to extirpate this execrable race."*

Such would be the Wasp response to Bl. Kateri's humble, *"Who will teach me what is most pleasing to God that I may do it?"* Very different was the pious Denonville's reaction, who warned Governor Dongan to allow entry to the Jesuits in the Iroquois villages, *"for until now they have held the country together by their skill in governing the spirits of these barbarians, who are savages in name only."*



As long as Frontenac was governor, the New Englanders got nowhere, despite two attacks by New York and one by Massachusetts. Frontenac died with the century, however, and the Wasp regained control. In 1713 the Treaty of Utrecht relinquished the whole province of Acadia with Newfoundland and Hudson Bay to the English. A half century of blood-letting ensued over the remains of the French holdings, which Voltaire had referred to in *Candide* as *"two nations at war for a few acres of Canadian snow."* These few acres, remarks Fr. Zaratti in *The Work of the Catholic Church in America, "were in point of fact 12,000,000 square miles of land that could have developed into a Christian empire, the gem of the French colonial possessions, had it not been for the indifference of the politicians and anti-clerical philosophers like himself."*

Engrossed with her own problems, and rife with heresy, France by then had all but abandoned

nada. Incredible as it may seem, in 1673 the *Jesuit Relations,* running for 57 years since the days of St. Francis Xavier, were interdicted by the Roman Propaganda under pressure from the Gallican government. A generation later emigration virtually ceased. Canada was left largely to her own resources, yet her population continued to increase, numbering some 42,000 according to the last French census, held together and governed almost exclusively by a faithful clergy who maintained ties with France.

These were confronted, however, by about 250,000 New England Wasps, whose ranks swelled with some of the worst elements of Europe. Despite the English takeover the Acadians alone reached 15,000 by 1750. Such prosperity would have rejoiced their new masters were it not that Acadians both French and Indian resisted to a man every effort at religious or cultural assimilation. The Micmacs and Abenakis, literally all converts to Catholicism, publicly accused the English of impiety. At the expulsion of the Jesuits they declared, *"You are too late to start teaching us your prayers after we have known you for so many years. The French were more far-seeing than you, and as soon as they knew us, they taught us to pray to God. Now we pray better than you do!"*

Acadia, the base on which the Wasp depended for easy penetration into Canada, had to be subdued. In 1755, Capt. Alexander Murray writes John Winslow, the Lt. Col. at Grand' Pré, *"You know our soldiers detest them and would avail themselves of any excuse to kill them!"* On July 28 the Governor's Council in Halifax therefore resolved forcibly to expel the inhabitants. This act of inconceivable barabarity, matched on this side of the Atlantic only by President Jackson's treatment of the Cherokees, became the subject of Longfellow's epic *Evangeline.* In September an unsuspecting, unarmed population were assembled under false pretenses in their parish churches, surrounded by soldiery, herded onto leaky boats and deported. The humane Winslow confesses to a fellow-officer, *"This affair is more grievous to me than any service I was ever employed in."* An entry in his diary reads, *"Began to embark the inhabitants, who went off very solentarily*(sic) *and unwillingly, the women in great distress, carrying their children in their arms;others carrying their decrepit parents in their carts with all their goods, moving in great confusion, and appeared a scene of woe and distress."*

From Nova Scotia alone 6500 innocent persons were dispatched to any settlement which would have them, their lands confiscated and their houses burned to prevent their return. More were dislodged as transports became available. Many governors refused these "boat people" entry, Massachusetts alone turning away five loads as late as 1762. Some died in flight, some from exposure and diseases; others managed to return to France or took to the woods with their Indian friends. A considerable number opted for French Louisiana, where their descendants live in the bayous as *'Cajuns* to this day, and Catholics still.

⚜ A sleeper clause in the Treaty of Utrecht awarding the English a Protectorate over the Iroquois provided all the Wasp needed to conquer the rest of the country. His affinity for the pagan Indians has been noted, and explains in large part the clandestine spread of Masonry among Amerindian savagery, a little explored facet of history. It is obvious that much of the American lodge symbolism, as well as that of the Boy Scouts and "white" Masonry was borrowed wholesale from Indian demonology. Patent similarities like the pantheistic *Great Spirit* and the apron-loincloth betray age-old common origins in the Old Religion of Babel.

Worthy of mention are the mysterious *Tonkawas,* a singular cannibal tribe whose depredations against the Spanish missions at the very time France was losing her hold, drew the famous Fr. Serra to Texas in 1758. Their ultra-human cruelty was such that few soldiers would even confront them. First heard of in 1691 in Francisco de Jesus-Maria's list of hostile tribes, their origins are unknown. Suspected of not being a tribe at all, but a secret society similar to Freemasonry, they in fact exhibited no common racial characteristics and regarded no part of the country as their own. Stranger yet, their one constant target was the Catholic mission, and up to their last chief Placido, they proved unwavering allies of the Wasp and the U.S. One exception occurred during the Civil War when the Luciferian Masonic Grand Master, Yankee-born Albert Pike, enlisted them on the side of the Confederacy, thereby alienating European sympathy for the southern cause by their unspeakable atrocities. Later, until relegated to an Oklahoma reservation, they hunted and killed ( and ate) Comanches and Apaches as U.S. Army scouts.

⚜ The formal union of the Wasp with the pagan Iroquois had sealed New France's fate. The end came on Sept. 13, 1759 on the Plains of Abraham above Quebec, where the frail, boyish English General Wolfe and 8,000 men scaled the heights and overcame the veteran Marquis de Montcalm and 14,000 defenders. Anyone viewing those sheer cliffs can only marvel that such fortifications could be taken. There was talk of treachery and apathy among the troops, but mayhap the greater cause lay

deeper: On the following December 27, St. John's Day, the first Masonic celebration in Quebec took place. Eventually a Masonic obelisk composed of thrice times 13 courses of stone was raised on the site of battle to the joint memory of the opposing generals, both of whom fell in the fight. But then, our Lord promised the Mexican Portavoz that the triumph of the Church would not come about by the destructive sword, but by the redemptive Cross: Curiously enough, before Quebec fell, already the Superior of the Ursulines was an Englishwoman, Esther Wheelwright, a Puritan from Maine. Captured by the Abenakis, she had been ransomed by the French governor, sent to school with his own daughter, and received the grace of a vocation.

⚜ In 1763 the Treaty of Paris formally transferred the whole of France's claims to the Sides (besides Spanish Florida) to the conqueror. The Indians were in consternation. Believing the Great Father in France had only fallen asleep and would soon waken, tribes rose almost to a man against the English in a concerted resistance known as the Pontiac Conspiracy, but which was in fact an Amerindian counter-revolution of a kind never yet seen. An Ottawa chief allied all his life to the French although he was not Catholic, Pontiac is believed to have led his people against General Braddock when the latter was defeated attacking Fort Duquesne. He was highly esteemed by Montcalm, who bestowed on him the full dress French officer's uniform worn by the chief on solemn occasions. The Indian confederation correctly guessed they were now at the mercy of a nation more interested in exterminating them than ruling them. Laying siege to Detroit, Pontiac tells the French remnant there, *"It is not to revenge myself alone that I make war on the English. It is to revenge you, my brothers....I know that they have taken away your arms, and made you sign a paper which they have sent home to their country. Therefore you are left defenseless, and I mean now to revenge your cause and my own together. I mean to destroy the English, and leave not one upon our lands."*

At worst he hoped to retain France's western outposts. Cost to the English was high, but his project quixotic, for no help could come from France now. *"Hitherto,"* notes Parkman, *"the two rival European nations had kept each other in check ... and the Indians had in some measure held the balance of power between them. To conciliate their good will and gain their alliance, to avoid offending them by injustice and encroachment, was the policy of both the French and the English. But now...the English had gained an undisputed ascendancy, and the Indians, no longer important allies, were treated as mere barbarians who might be trampled upon with impunity....The doom of the race was sealed, and no human power could avert it."*

The inestimable legacy of the Faith remained to them, however, for according to Fr. Zaratti, *"Today the following tribes in North America are either wholly or partly Catholic: Abenaki, Black Feet, Coeur d'Alene, Chippewa, Crow, Gros Ventre, Huron, California Diggers, Flatheads, Mohawk, Pottawatomie, Iroquois, Passamaquoddy, Pueblo, Sioux and Yakima, to mention only the best known. The Iroquois, responsible for the sacrifice of so many Jesuit lives, now count over 4,000 souls dedicated to the Catholic cause despite their vastly diminished numbers. Where they once appeared indomitable, they have become deeply faithful. In 1831 their Catholic leaders sent a gift to Pope Gregory XVI of moccasins and a handmade belt accompanied by this message: 'You are our Father, never will we recognize another. If our descendants forget you and fall into error, show them this belt and they will return immediately to the fold.'"* Although rarely heard from, the Catholic Amerindians are still the slumbering hope of the Sides. On June 24, 1980 the Mohawk Andrew Delisle, Grand Chief of the Confederation of the Indians of Quebec, recited a prayer of Thanksgiving before John Paul II in Rome at the Beatification of Kateri Tekakwitha. Long ago his forebears had told the Baptist and Methodist missionaries sent to convert them to Protestantism, *"Go and learn. Do as the Blackrobes did and then we will believe what you tell us!"*

⚜

After the conquest Canada found herself scalped if not decapitated. With the officialdom of their hierarchical Catholic government gone, the people were left a headless body. Mostly peasants with no experience at self-government or aspirations to "democracy," they shifted for themselves as best they could. Parochial structures alone continued to function in the vacuum, and social collapse was averted by a heroic lower clergy who faithfully discharged their stewardship. The Protestantism which tried to take over with the English only served to unify the faithful, who until then had only had to contend with carefully chaperoned French heresies.

The peace treaty guaranteed religious liberty, but it was soon evident that the Anglican hierarchy was to be substituted for the Catholic, and the young educated in Protestant schools. The Catholic clergy suffered every vexation. Religious communities were marked for extinction, forbidden to accept novices, their property confiscated. The Bishop was conceded only the title of Superintendent of Catholic Worship. A supernatural glance here would suggest that it was not

Valley Forge so much as the expulsion of the Catholic missionaries which lost England her own colonies a generation later in divine retribution, for indeed total suppression of the Faith on the Sides was averted only by the threatening American Revolution. Realizing Canada must be pacified at any cost lest she join forces with the rebels to the south, the British Crown granted relative religious freedom by the Quebec Act of 1774.

As anticipated, a year later the American revolutionists invaded Canada under Richard Montgomery and captured Montreal. Proceeding to join Benedict Arnold in the siege of Quebec, he left the tyrannical, anti-Catholic General David Wooster in command. *"The clergy refuse absolution to all who have shown themselves our friends, and preach damnation to all those that will not take up arms against us!"* railed Wooster, threatening to send the Vicar General into exile. He did much to harden the Canadians against the Revolution, labeling them *"but a small remove from the savages."* With defeat at Quebec and the death of Montgomery, the American putsch was already collapsing. The Revolution did not enjoy widespread popularity even among its own. Of the 372 American prisoners taken, 94 decided to enlist in the British forces, and as we know, Loyalist refugees from the Colonies swarmed over New Brunswick and populated Ontario.

As a last resort a commission headed by Benjamin Franklin was sent to Canada with a formal invitation to become the fourteenth colony of the rebel confederation. Accompanying him were two Catholics: the millionaire Charles Carroll, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and his cousin Fr. John Carroll, destined to become the first Usan Catholic bishop through Franklin's recommendation. The commission was entertained in Montreal at the home of the trouble-making Boston merchant Thomas Walker, who hopefully recommended, *"We must have blood, and then in a few years everything will be set right."* He and other Yankee businessmen there did all they could to foment an uprising. Many secret meetings were held with the commissioners in the garden of the secret revolutionary Pierre du Calvet with French ecclesiastics and dignitaries, but these came to nothing. The Catholic clergy showed plainly what they thought of the Revolution: a Canadian priest was severely disciplined for permitting Fr. Carroll to say Mass in a chapel, and another, Fr. François de la Lotbinière, was suspended for accepting the chaplaincy of one of two French-Canadian regiments recruited to help the Americans. A year before, the French Bishop had ordered loyalty to Britain, even forbidding his clergy to marry American soldiers to French-Canadian girls.

Canadian Catholics were well aware that in 1774 the Suffolk Resolves of the Continental Congress had declared the tolerant Quebec Act *"dangerous in an extreme degree to the Protestant religion and to the civil rights and liberties of all Americans: and therefore, as men and as Protestant Christians, we are indispensably obliged to take all proper measures for our security."* Who could trust a revolutionary? These would soon change their tactics. Impressed by the political clout generated by religious freedom, they would be careful to espouse it as a basic principle of their new Masonic Constitution. The Carrolls could be depended on to keep the Catholics in line.

Although defeated in his immediate objective, the astute Franklin left a valuable stooge behind him in Montreal: the revolutionary propagandist Fleury Mesplet, a Frenchman groomed by Franklin first in London and later in Philadelphia. He produced Montreal's first books and pamphlets, besides commercial printing, and initiated the *Montreal Gazette*. Neither he nor his successors have been idle. One active in the 1870's was Joseph Guibord, responsible for Canada's first stereotyped work. Prime mover of the liberal Catholic *Institut Candien* which launched the spell-binding Prime Minister Wilfred Laurier on his career and distributed modernist propaganda and books on the Index throughout the dominions, he and all the *Institut*'s members eventually incurred excommunication. Dying without the Sacraments rather than renounce his affiliation, Guibord remained unburied for six years while Church and state battled over his right to a spot in the Catholic cemetery of *Côte-des-Neiges*. The courts finally decided against the Church,but Bishop Bourget had the last word: after the funeral he quietly de-consecrated the plot which had received the troublesome remains, encased in cement.

⚜ A history of Canada is not intended here, beyond noting that the English never succeeded in eradicating the Faith, let alone French nationalism, being exploited in our time by subversives in the Separatist movement as it was in Franklin's. There is talk today of complete severance from England, but this will hardly harm the Wasp, who was never really *English,* but demonic, supra-national, and now firmly entrenched in the Sides. In 1829 England's Emancipation Act accorded full civil rights to Catholics, but it was not applied in many provinces until 1851. By then Canada had experienced the same "Irish invasion" which took place in the U.S. after the Potato Famine, and the added numbers of English-speaking Catholics provided powerful leverage against the Anglican *bloc*.

There were other effects. Many Irish Catholics, no doubt drawn by common language, easily allied themselves with the Wasp establishment in a movement closely parallelling the Americanist Church party set up by Bishop Carroll in the U.S. The tensions which developed between the French and the Irish prelates in some instances proved far worse than those with the Anglicans, for it became a family feud which greatly weakened the unity of the faithful and invited treacherous "coalitions."

The atheist Paul Blanshard, certainly no friend of Catholics, wrote in *The Irish and the Catholic Power*, *"Irish Catholicism is particularly important for the West because its compromise with democracy in the Republic is the most advanced form of church-state adjustment in any completely Catholic country. It represents the utmost compromise which the Papacy can make with Western society and still be true to its principles."* The end result of such a policy is visible today in Ireland and wherever the Irish have exported it. It is therefore not surprising that, *"Quebec has the same educational pattern as Ireland: not public schools, but Catholic and Protestant systems supported by the public treasury. Newfoundland has four denominational school systems...Ontario, Saskatchewan and Alberta grant public funds to separate denominational schools."* Hard put to conceal his admiration, Blanshard continues, *"In all English-speaking Canada, the fight for segregation is led by the Irish priests, who control the Catholic Church as completely as they control it in the United States.* 'Outside of Quebec,' *says the* Irish World, 'nearly every priest and nun in Canada is Irish.' *This is an exaggeration, but it is close to the truth. The outside world has tended to think of Canadian Catholicism as exclusively French; it is time to realize it is both French and Irish."*

One of the first fruits of the new influx was Laval University, inaugurated in Quebec in 1854 and canonically erected with a branch in Montreal in 1876. Operating on lines similar to the Americanist Catholic University in Washington, D.C. and Maynooth in Ireland, it began injecting modernism into Canadian Catholic education under the liberal Archbishop Taschereau. (It refused an honorary degree to the famous Wasp historian Francis Parkman, not because of his Protestant prejudices, but because of his view of the old French regime and his partiality to the Jesuits!) A bitter struggle ensued between Taschereau and the French ultramontane bishops Taché and Laflèche, who had the staunch support of Pius IX; but in 1886 victory was thrown definitely to the modernists by Leo XIII when he elevated Taschereau to the cardinalate and primacy of Canada. Nature took its course with the able help of Masonry, and today the formation of the new "American Church" is openly advocated by Canadian and Usan bishops in concert.

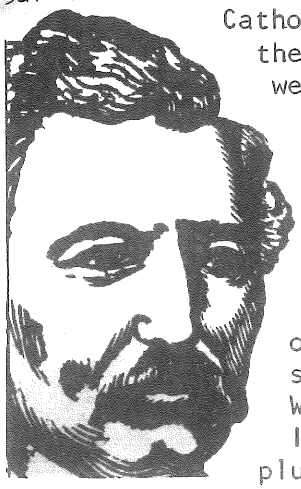
Meanwhile, the pastor at Cap de la Madeleine was true to his vow to our Lady. The primitive church, renovated after the miracle of the ice, was dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary. In 1888 solemnly placed on its high altar was the statue of Notre Dame du Cap, its eyes and hands lowered in the attitude of the apparition to St. Catherine Labouré. On the evening of June 22, according to the pastor's witness and that of a Franciscan father and an invalid come there to pray, the eyes of the statue were suddenly raised and opened wide: *"The look of the Virgin was that of a living person,"* testified the Franciscan. *"It wore an expression of severity mingled with sorrow."*

Gazing so mournfully westward, what did our Lady behold?

Canada's western expansion was carrying the Faith by horse and canoe, sled and snowshoe, far beyond the old Sides and the limits of this Paper. France's soldiers may have surrendered to the Wasp; her missionaries did not. The immense Northwest boasted one bishop and six priests in 1845; by 1908 there were seven bishops and some 400 clergy. The Oblates of Mary Immaculate were to be among the most zealous. Bishop Taché's 28-year-old coadjutor, Ven. Vital Grandin, labored a half century in a diocese twice the size of France amid desperate poverty and Wasp interference, to reach the Indians and prairie settlers, many of the latter Ukrainian byzantines. *"And I hope to continue after my death,"* quoth he. His great joy was ordaining the first half-breed priest, Fr. Cunningham, on the Feast of St. Joseph, 1890. Alberta's first bishop, he died in the odor of sanctity in 1902, and is now a candidate for canonization. Another Oblate, the humble brother Anthony Kowalczyk, a Canadian diamond imported from Poland, died likewise in Alberta in our days in 1947, with graces and cures continuing to pour from his grave in St. Albert.

From her pedestal at the Cape, our Lady was probably contemplating

plight of her beloved Amerindians in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, where at Regina three years earlier Louis Riel had been executed for high treason, defending his people against the Wasp. A Catholic half-breed or *Métis,* whose paternal grandmother was a Chippewa, Riel was the son of Julie de Lajimondine, first white woman born in the Canadian Northwest. A protegé of the good Bishop Taché, he was educated by the Jesuits at St. Mary's College in Montreal.



*LOUIS RIEL*

With the formation of the Dominion of Canada in 1867 the vast territorial empire controlled by the Hudson Bay Company since the British takeover was arbitrarily sold to the new government in Ottawa without the slightest consultation with the native inhabitants, regarded as little more than serfs, or as the press put it, *"a herd of buffalos."* These *Métis,* both French and English speaking, had long lived under a loose traditional government of their own which had continued to function well under the paternal eye of the overseas Governor of the Company and their Bishop. Before the transfer became law, Wasp Orangemen from Ontario entered illegally and set up a regime of terror. In view of immediate annexation and immense profits, innocent persons were plundered and killed, and lands appropriated without jurisdiction. Acting with singular prudence, Riel established a legally constituted provisional government to stem the engulfing anarchy. Its wise recommendations resulted in the Manitoba Act of 1870, which erected the Red River area as a separate province where the rights of the Lily were acknowledged at least on paper. From the scaffold Riel could rightly declare, *"I know that by the grace of God I am the founder of Manitoba."* He is so regarded today, with monuments to his memory both in Winnipeg and in Regina.

Bishop Taché saw well that Riel's was no mere Indian uprising, but another stage of the struggle between the Wasp and the Lily. He writes at the time to the statesman Georges Etienne Cartier, *"It's really for Lower Canada* (Quebec province) *as well as for us that our poor Métis took up arms."* All considered themselves simply French Canadians. Unfortunately Riel's provisional government had been forced to convict and execute a flagrant offender named Thomas Scott, who happened to be a rabid Orangeman. He became a Wasp martyr overnight, and the government later used him as an excuse for refusing the *Métis* a promised amnesty. Although twice properly elected to Parliament, Riel was expelled by that body, a heavy bounty placed on his head, and he was hounded for the rest of his life. Far from a rebel, he had in fact refused huge offers of money and troops from the American Fenians led by O'Donoghue, a former member of the provisional government.These invaded Canada from the United States at this time and expected to win the *Métis* to their revolutionary cause. At St. Norbert Riel tells Bishop Taché there was *"not the slightest danger that I or any of my friends would join the Fenians. We detest them, for they are condemned by the Church."*

Accepting a five-year exile in the interests of peace and to insure free elections, Riel retired to the U.S. By this time, however, his mind had already given way before his terrible sufferings, and friends had to confine him in various institutions. He was teaching school in Montana when the *Métis* appealed to him once again. Many had long since abandoned Manitoba, now filling with vengeful Wasps supported by government troops. Some had fled to the States, others to Saskatchewan, where the same old difficulties developed. The government offering no redress,they foolishly broke into open rebellion with Riel at their head, sealing their fate politically.Now in the full throes of a messianic mania, Riel had wandered from the Faith, seeing himself as the Great Prophet of a gigantic half-breed America. He believed it had been revealed to him that Amerindians were the true Chosen People, who had come to America soon after the birth of Moses. A theocratic republic composed of half-breeds of the various immigrant nationalities would rule the continent, each ethnic segment occupying its own section of the land. The Papacy would be transferred to the Sides, and there would be a new Eucharist of bread and milk.

These hallucinations ended abruptly in a skirmish with the Mounted Police and the Army;and despite a well-founded plea of insanity,he was sacrificed to the gods of the Wasp.Overlooking his brilliant early services, establishment historians prefer to dwell on his pathetic later aberrations. Sir Adolphe Chapleau could applaud Riel's execution before the House of Commons by citing the shining example of the U.S., where, *"They have given fomenters of Indian wars and hostile Indians no kind of trial except the bringing them before the military authorities, shooting them or hanging them by the dozen or the four dozens, as was done after the Custer massacre. The government of the United States, that model government, do not allow any scruple to interfere...."* Not all Wasps are English, as pointed out before.

✠ Albert Pike tells us that a Masonic medal of the sixteenth or seventeenth century displayed a sword cutting off the stalk of a lily, and that Cagliostro had on his personal seal the letters

*L. P. D.* standing for *Lilia pedibus destrue,* "trample the lilies." These of course referred to the French, but behind all stands that Lily who is Mary Immaculate, between the Father of Wasps and whom God has placed those irreconcilable enmities. She will not be trampled. In the face of every atrocity, the Sides of the North continued producing its Canadian Diamonds.

Mother Caouette, foundress of the Institute of the Precious Blood, died in 1905. Seven years later, in Sherbrooke, Quebec, died Mother Marie Léonie Paradis, who founded the Little Sisters of the Holy Family to provide domestic help for the clergy. Her cause was introduced in 1966. Among Canadian Diamonds who were exported was Mother Joseph of the Sisters of Providence, responsible for hospitals and schools along the Usan west coast in the last century. She has been granted the more dubious honor of a statue in the U.S. Capitol. Another export, Marie "Little Rose" Ferron, a saintly stigmatic, died in Woonsocket, R.I. in 1936.

And there is the great and unknown Marie Louise Brault, an Anglo-French descendant of one of Maisonneuve's men and a grand niece of Bl. Marguerite Bourgeoys (who sometimes appeared to her). A victim soul of the highest order, she lived at Pointe Claire near Montreal, successfully combbining the life of a model wife and mother of nine children with that of an extraordinary mystic. According to her biographer Fr. Louis Bouhier, Pastor of Notre Dame de Montreal, she clearly manifested heroic humility and overflowing charity, together with visions, stigmata, unexplainable sufferings, diabolic persecutions, prophecy, miracles, bilocations, ability to go without food and sleep, not to mention constant communication with Heaven and Purgatory. She is scarcely known in Canada today, but the good Brother André, Apostle of St. Joseph of Montreal, whose confidante she was,stated emphatically to two intimate friends after her death in 1910, *"She is a saint, a great saint. You may invoke her."*

The same may perhaps be said of another descendant of New France's earliest settlers, young Dina Bélanger, in religion Marie Sainte-Cécile de Rome of the Congregation of Jesus and Mary, who died hidden from the world in her Quebec convent in 1929. *"You will not possess Me more fully in heaven,"* our Lord told her, *"for I have absorbed you entirely."* A gifted pianist destined to spend most of her religious life as an invalid, she soon realized, *"My sole occupation is to suffer."* Following the publication of the *Autobiography* she wrote under obedience, numerous graces have been attributed to the intercession of this humble victim of expiation whom our Lord called *"My little Ownself."*

We shall have need of such friends. So unconcerned was the Wasp about liberating the Sides from its demon masters, he has become himself their victim. Astrologers and mediums flourish in all ranks of government as once magicians and sorcerers controlled the Indian councils. Where the sexes slept together in the longhouses, they now indulge in promiscuity in co-ed dormitories. Parental failure to discipline children, so deplored by the missionaries, is more prevalent today than it was among the savages. Devotees of resurging satanism now practice the old ritual torture and cannibalism, not on enemies captured in battle, but even on innocent children. The unborn are slaughtered by the million in the scientific rites of the modern hospital. Animal mutilations are widespread, no longer partly excused by hunger,as when the Indians boiled dogs alive, their feet weighted with stones, or sat down to the traditional Thanksgiving dinner of "Iroquois stew" whose main ingredients were five dogs, plenty of squash and one Frenchman.

After explaining the continuation of His Passion in the Eucharist, our Lord told Mme. Brault, *"The world is full of crimes; sin sweeps over it as a sea gone out of its bed....The Sacred Host in which I give myself as food to men is profaned and disdained. The justice of My heavenly Father cries for vengeance; if His arm does not fall, it is because in the midst of this impure and cruel world there are still pure hearts, souls of good will, to weep, to love and to atone."*

In an apocalyptic appeal to these, our Lady herself suddenly appeared on the Sides of the North on the latter day of June 18, 1970, at the great Wasp citadel of New York, where it sticks fast to their lower edge at Bayside Hills. *"My tears fall on you,"* she said. Eight years later she was still pleading, promising her help in what is *"truly a battle of the spirits, my children....Be of stout heart, for the victory is with Heaven! (May 3, 1978)."* And she predicted the fall of that *"city of sin, New York, the center, the cancer for evil that has infected all nations of the world (Aug. 19, 1978)."*

-THE END-

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